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Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 17 1969 50 CENTS

ITALY: SEE IT SKI IT



People who give Old Fitzgerald don't know any better.



Especially when it's in the Colonial gift decanter

There's no drink as traditionally American as Bourbon. And there's no Bourbon as unique in taste, in quality and in character as Old Fitzgerald Bourbon.

Our Colonial gift decanter is its perfect complement—a striking replica of an original 18th century cruet used during the days of America's struggle for independence, a reminder of our heritage in freedom, fine enough to treasure. No wonder people who give—or receive—Old Fitzgerald don't know any better.



Old Fitzgerald

The most expensively made Bourbon in Kentucky

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The first car stereo that lets you park in your living room.

Now you can bring some of the comforts of your car into your home. With the Panasonic "Monte Carlo." An 8-track, 4-channel stereo tape player. That converts to an FM stereo radio, or an AM radio. And moves from your car to your home as fast as you do.

Just turn the key and pull the unit out of the ingenious Lock-Tight bracket that fits under the dash. (Stereo thieves will be very disappointed. But your date won't.) And your "Monte Carlo" is ready to roam.

To your den. To your boat. Or wherever you keep the stay-home part of this system, the Panasonic CJ-858. A walnut grain cabinet that our hero below is slipping the "Monte Carlo" into to convert the unit from 12-volt battery operation to house current. For use with your own speakers, or our two-speaker system, CJ-218U, shown on the shelves.



By just slipping a tape cartridge in, you can listen to 80 minutes of music. Uninterrupted. Or if you're just in the mood for part of the tape, the unit's automatic channel changer lets you select the part that you want.

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They're also easy to enjoy. Because a dual channel amplifier delivers clean separation and amazing depth. So drums sound like drums. And strings like strings.

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Contents

NOVEMBER 17, 1969 *Volume 31, No. 21*

Cover photograph by Ernst Haas

36 Power Game in The City

Now that Jerry Lucas has joined San Francisco's front line, the Warriors are basketball's top rebounders

40 Missouri Waltzes to Victory

After spotting Oklahoma a lead, the Tigers roar back to win 44–10 and take a firm grip on the Big Eight title

42 The Trades Becalm Skinny Jack

The ill winds blew good for Jack Nicklaus, but only for the first two rounds of the Hawaiian Open

44 Big Four for the Summit

With the NFL season more than half over, the Rams, Vikings, Cowboys and Browns seem to have playoff berths

50 Master of Those Mad Racers

In his "retirement" years Don Aronow has conquered ocean powerboat racing with an irresistible drive

58 The Country Is a Castle

And the new season's ski action will center on Italy, in a high mountain kingdom called Val Gardena

110 Hot Pitchmen in the Selling Game

Tom Seaver cries, Joe Namath shaves and the athletic life is enriched as the sports hero turns adman



The departments

15 Scorecard
74 College Football
84 People
87 Hunting
92 Hockey
100 Bridge
104 Games
123 For the Record
124 19th Hole

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Credits on page 123

Next week

UNBEATEN OHIO STATE, perhaps the best college football team in history, is faced with its toughest test of the year in Mike Phipps and Purdue. Dan Jenkins reports the struggle.

THE FRENCH ARE COMING to take the America's Cup from us. Fat chance? Carleton Mitchell cuts through a veil of official secrecy to reveal a formidable challenge.

SWEETY CAKES is the nickname of Lenny Wilkens, coach of Seattle's Sonics, and he *does* have a mild disposition. But make no mistake—he is very much in command of his team.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Each year about this time, when the first snow flurries fly and the proprietors of publicity-conscious resorts start trying to get their pictures taken doing a slalom on pine boughs, we like to present you with a resort or a ski way of life you may not have heard of. We want the place we choose to be in part a discovery, relatively inexpensive, technically sound underfoot—or underski—and rather relaxed, since the everyman jet set will not quite have zoomed in yet. With these principles in mind, we have searched out in the past the



JULE AND THE DESIGNING FLORENTINE

ski pleasures of such countries as France, Austria and Chile, as well as the many hideaways of mountain America.

Now, beginning on page 58, we present you with a look at the action on the slopes of northern Italy, an area that will receive much attention late this winter when the world Alpine championships are held at Val Gardena. As the pictures and story show, Italian skiing meets all of our specifications, assuming you can get down a mountain while carrying a full load of linguini with white clam sauce.

If Italian skiing is zesty, so is the scenery at its resorts, and in this regard SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is now directly responsible for adding a dash of color. Some months ago, with the Italian ski story in mind, Staff Writer Jule Campbell wired the eminent Italian designer Emilio Pucci in Florence (where he is a marchese, politician, member of parliament, hereditary chief of the Florentine army, much-decorated war hero, skier, sportsman, and lives in a palace) and arranged a meeting. The idea she presented to him was simple enough. Would he create a new ski collection exclusively for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED? Pucci would.

"There is just one thing," said Jule, who knows the difference between a silk shift and a stem Christy. "The clothes must work. We know they'll be fancy, but they must be functional as well—the sort of thing that people can really ski in."

The marchese understood, being a skiing man himself. After all, hadn't he formed the first ski team at Reed College in Portland, Ore.—one of his many schools—and been one of the first to ski in a crash helmet and to bind up his pant legs so they wouldn't flap in the wind? He said we need not worry, the new SI line wouldn't be just for standing around, posing.

The payoff came this spring in Rome when Jule Campbell showed up at Pucci's workroom. The old ski racer had produced an ultramodern look with the emphasis on stretch wool gabardine for action. "I don't make the pants too tight-fitting for girls," he said. "They're too distracting." But just so there would be some distraction, he added silk and velvet for touches of luxury. The whole effect is strictly for real skiers: Italian in mood and pure Pucci in flavor. We salute you, Emilio. And you, too, Jule.

Gary Valk

Sports Illustrated

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Now, a new way to get

stereo tape cartridges

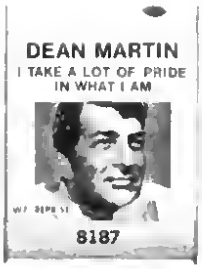




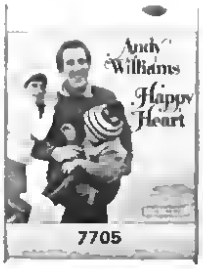
























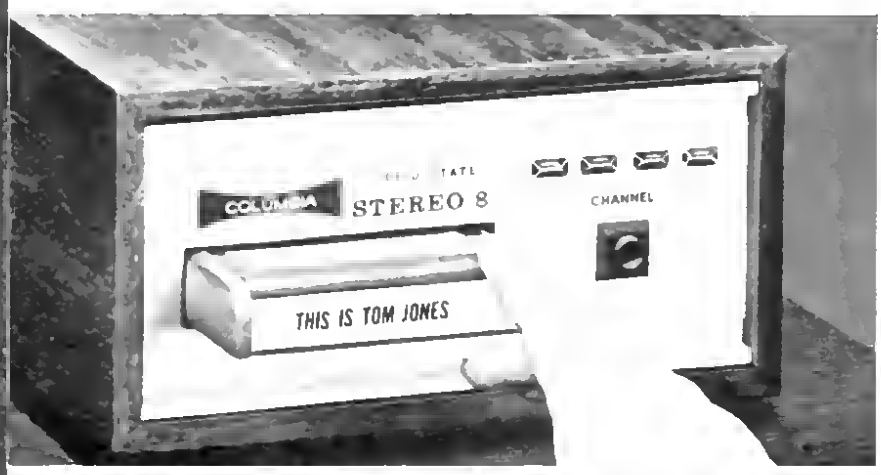








And if you do not own a cartridge player, we will give you this 8-Track Tape Cartridge Player



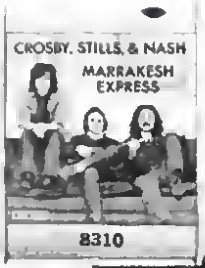
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for only **$19.95** plus mailing and handling

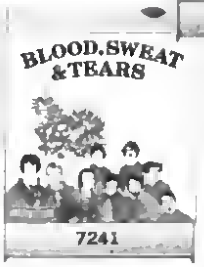
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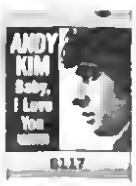




























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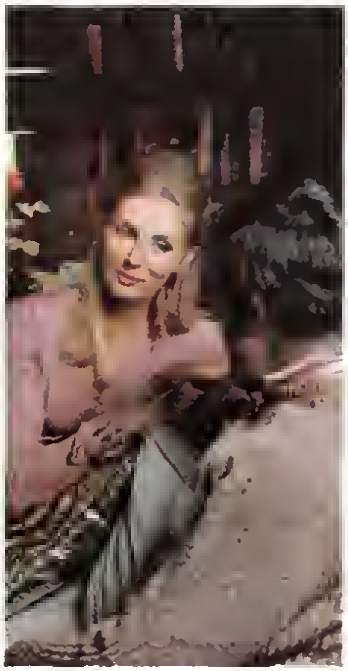


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hart skis

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Why an automatic turntable from Swindon, England has made it big in the States.

At the risk of seeming immodest, we've had a smashing success in the United States.

There are more Garrards being used in component stereo systems here than all other makes combined.

Even we find this a curious fact.

But the die was cast thirty odd years ago.

Not parity, but superiority

H. V. Slade, then Managing Director of Garrard Limited, decreed, "We will sell a Garrard in the U.S. *only* when it is more advanced than any machine made there."



H. V. Slade 1889–1961

A commitment to, not parity, but absolute superiority.

Spurred by it, Garrard of England has been responsible for every major innovation in automatic turntables.

In the thirties, Garrard pioneered the principle of two point record support. Still the safest known method of record handling. Oddly, still a Garrard exclusive.

In the forties, we introduced the aluminum tone arm. Today, widely used by makers of fine equipment.

By 1961, increasingly sensitive cartridges had led us to adapt a feature originally developed for professional turntables: the dynamically balanced tone arm, with a movable counterweight to neutralize the arm and an adjustment to add precisely the correct stylus tracking force.

In 1964, we added an anti skating control, and patented the sliding weight design that makes it permanently accurate.

Then, in 1967, Garrard engineers perfected the Synchro-Lab motor, a revolutionary two stage synchronous motor.

The induction portion supplies the power to reach playing speed instantly. The synchronous section then "locks in" to the 60 cycle frequency of the current to give unvarying speed despite variations in voltage.

"We're bloody flattered"

This year one of our competitors has introduced a copy of our Synchro-Lab motor on its most expensive model.

To quote Alan Say, our Head of Engineering, "We're bloody flattered.

"After all, being imitated is a rather good measure of how significant an innovation really is."

The new Garrard SL95B features still another development we expect will become an industry standard.

Garrard's viscous damped tone arm descent—originally offered to provide gentler, safer cueing—now operates in automatic cycle as well.

It seems only logical. Yet, for the present at least, it is another Garrard exclusive.

Other 1970 Garrard refinements include a counterweight adjustment screw for balancing the tone arm to within a hundredth of a gram. A window scale on the tone arm for the stylus force gauge. And a larger, more precise version of our anti-skating control.

Un-innovating

At the same time, we've eliminated a feature we once pioneered. A bit of un innovating, you might say.

Garrard's disappearing record platform is disappearing for good.

We've replaced it with a non disappearing record platform. A larger, stronger support with an easy to grasp clip that fits surely over the stack.

A small thing, perhaps.

But another indication that H.V.'s commitment remains with us.

$44.50 to $129.50

Garrard standards do not vary with price. Only the degree of refinement possible for the money.

There are six Garrard component models from the SL95B automatic turntable (above) for $129.50 to the 40B at $44.50.

Your dealer can help you arrive at the optimum choice for your system.

Garrard

British Institute for Engineering Quality, Inc.

Got a thirst for a draft beer that's a lot smoother and more mellow?

Drink up.



Here's one cold welcome that's always welcome—the frosty, frothy taste of Meister Brau Draft. This one comes tumbling out of a bottle or can as fresh, clean and clear as it does straight from the tap. We brew it as we brew all our beer: with the finest, most costly grades of ingredients . . . with more care and patience . . . and with great pride in our long heritage of brewing fine beers since 1838. Treat yourself and your friends to this great draft beer tonight!

Meister® Bräu gives you more of what you drink beer for.



the big 1

The No. 1 family of quality beers.

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CH3

New Head skis for everyone

(And where to buy them)

The difference between good skiing and great skiing can be your ski dealer

And as Ski Specialist Guild members, we think we can make the difference.

First of all, we have all the equipment you will ever need

We have the new models of Head Skis (Jean-Claude Killy has even helped design the fiberglass ones that carry his name) And a lot of great ski wear to go along with them and we've got boots and poles and everything else too

But equipment and clothes make ski dealers the same

What makes the difference is concern.

And that's us Concern that you get the best fitting boot that you have ever had And the ski that's great for you and not just plain good.

We have all the special services you expect from Head dealers

And if repairs are a problem we can solve them too.

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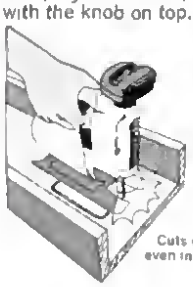
The blade turns but the saw doesn't.



Model 2675.
Smaller than actual size

This Craftsman® 12-speed scroller sabre saw does something no other saw in the world can do. The turning blade turns and follows the direction of your cut without your having to turn the saw. The side pressure you apply in following a curved line, zig zag or circle, is enough to make it turn.

Or, if you'd rather, turn the blade by hand with the knob on top. Either way, Sears new turning-blade sabre saw turns a full 360°. And it will lock in any 90° position in case you want to cut a straight line. Then it acts just like a conventional sabre saw. And, as we said, no other saw in the world will do all that.



Cuts corners and circles even in tight spots

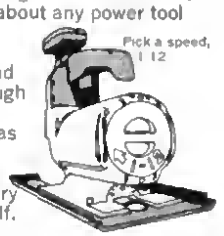
In fact, with this one tool you can do the work of a rip, crosscut, coping, jig, scroll, band, keyhole, and hacksaw. It has a full ½ HP motor for smoother cutting, a 1-inch stroke for faster cutting. The base plate is adjustable, 0 to 45°. Those 12 speeds give you the right speed for every job, from delicate wood veneer to steel pipe. That also means up to four times longer blade life.

This new saw even has a light for dark work areas. And a blower to keep sawdust out of the way. The solid state speed regulator automatically boosts power to maintain speed for heavy loads. It cuts the same through thick and thin, and it's UL listed.

In short, there's so much precision built into this saw, and it can do so many things, it can make a craftsman out of almost anyone.

So, if you're already a craftsman, you're way ahead of the game. This saw comes with a circle-cutting edge-guide attachment, 8 blades, splinter-free guide and an 8-ft cord.

If you need just about any power tool or accessory, you can find it at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores or through the catalog. And, it will be every bit as good as the new scroller sabre saw. Just come in and try one out for yourself.



Sears

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Cadillac '70

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How smart it is to order Seagram's 7 Crown out.

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SCORECARD

TO NHL OR NOT TO NHL

Hockey's expansion plans, which were announced in September, are not going quite as smoothly as the NHL had anticipated. The league had said that two new franchises would be accepted, that the price for each franchise would be $6 million and that applications should be submitted by Nov. 1, with a deadline of Dec. 1. Because of the extraordinary growth of interest in hockey, it was expected that applicants would be beating on the door, since informal applications had previously been received from Atlanta, Baltimore, Buffalo, Cleveland, Kansas City, Vancouver and Washington.

But as of last week not one formal application had been filed, and Buffalo and Vancouver were the only cities in which there seemed to be serious talk about applying. The cost of building a suitable rink is a stumbling block for some of the cities, and so is that initiation fee. But another difficulty is the quality of the players the new teams would receive. In the proposed expansion draft the old clubs can protect two goalies and 15 players. In the 1967-68 expansion the old clubs could protect only one goalie and 11 players (and the price then was only $2 million).

Even so, the NHL was confident that applications would be received and expansion achieved. Sam Pollock, general manager of the Montreal Canadiens, said there was not the remotest possibility that the NHL would not have two new teams next season. And as for the cost, David Molson, president of the Canadiens, says that in view of hockey's bright future the $6 million price is a bargain.

EXODUS

Michigan was not overwhelmed this fall with demands for tickets to its traditional game with Ohio State, which is to be played in Ann Arbor on Nov. 22, so authorities there did the wise thing. They shipped a big batch of tickets down to Columbus, where there is *always* a market for football. And, sure enough, the Ohio Staters so far have sold more than 20,000 (even though the game will be played 170 miles away), which surely must be an alltime record for ticket sales by a visiting team.

We usually do not print tips for sneak thieves, second-story men and others of that persuasion but, fellows, listen: be in Columbus on Nov. 22. You'll have a field day. Won't be anybody home.

NOT THE YEAR OF THE CRAB

Baltimore is taking a constant ribbing because of the successive defeats inflicted this year on its Colts, Bullets and Orioles by New York's Jets, Knicks and Mets. Now a gleeful news hound informs us that in the Mid-Eastern Parachute Association championship, held the other day in New Hanover, Pa., Lonnie Brown of New York outdropped the defending champion, John Crews. And where is Crews from? Yup.

GOING, GOING—UP

Auctions are where you are supposed to pick up bargains, but bargains at horse sales these days are hard to find. "This is what I call an idiot's convention," said a veteran harness-horse trainer last week as he and his colleagues gathered at the Harrisburg (Pa.) Sales, where almost $5.5 million was paid out for standardbred yearlings. "People are throwing around incredible amounts of money."

Actually, the harness horsemen did not spend as much as they did at the same sale in 1968. Nonetheless, they were all aware that one man, Thomas Dexter, a newcomer to the sport, had paid $125,000 for a bay colt named Froehlich Hanover, a full brother to a couple of world champions. Dexter, a postcard manufacturer from Pearl River, N.Y., who got into harness racing only five years ago when he was "looking for a hobby," shocked the oldtimers with his money and persistence. Most dismayed of all was longtime Trainer-Driver Howard Beissinger, who had his heart set on Froehlich Hanover but who gave up at $120,000. He slumped dejectedly in his chair after Frochlich was sold.

"That shows you what's happening in this sport," said a friend of Beissinger's. "A guy comes here with $120,000 to buy *one* horse, and he can't get him."

FAST PACE

A story like this, though probably ancient, is hard to resist. A male harness-horse driver, noticing a lady driver in the next sulky, leaned over and said, "What's a nice girl like you doing in a pace like this?"

HE'S GOT THE HORSES

It used to be that when a football coach had talent galore on his team, someone would be sure to say, "Man, he's got the horses." Now there is a college halfback of whom you can say the same thing, with considerably more accuracy. Mike Kemling, a halfback at Nebraska Wesleyan, owns his own string of Thor-



oughbreds. His Kem Jr. earned $12,000 in 1968 and $32,800 this year, before Kemling lost him in a $10,000 claiming race at Chicago's Hawthorne Park, and he also has a 2-year-old named Hesa Kem that has earned $16,000. That gives young Kemling winnings of $60,000 in two years, plus the $10,000 he got for Kem Jr., which should help pay a library fine or two.

Kemling trains the horses himself when he is on vacation, and his father takes over when Mike, who is only 5'7"

continued

Your wife's office is probably better equipped than yours.

It used to be, the American housewife had as hard a time doing her job as the American businessman has doing his.

She took so long getting each thing done, she rarely had time to get everything done.

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And by comparison, put her husband's office twenty to thirty years out of date.

At IBM, we have a family of machines that can help the businessman catch up.

They're called word processing machines.

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With IBM dictation equipment, a businessman can dictate an idea four times faster than he can write it in longhand. And nearly twice as fast as his secretary can write it in shorthand.

Which means that his mind can contribute four ideas in the time it now takes for one or two.

As for his secretary, she can use the remarkable new IBM Mag Card Selectric® Typewriter.

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And these aren't the only ways we can help. We also make other office equipment, such as the IBM Selectric® Composer.

By simply typing on the Composer, a secretary actually sets type, making your typewritten reports look like printed reports. And cutting your reproduction time and costs by as much as 35%.

Tonight, before you do the work you couldn't finish in your office, take a good look at your wife's office.

Maybe you'll get the idea to call an IBM Office Products Division Representative.

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and 160 pounds, is in school playing football. Last year, as a sophomore, he was Wesleyan's second leading rusher with 316 yards on 106 carries, and this season, in nine games, he had 615 yards on 170 carries. Come to think of it, he's not a bad horse himself.

MAGNIFICO

Things have a way of snowballing, though that's the wrong figure of speech for this item. Baseball has long been a favorite sport of Puerto Ricans, but attendance at winter league games on the island last year was uncomfortably sparse, and it was feared that the game was losing ground. But now, after the first weeks of winter baseball this season, attendance is soaring again—and this despite rain, and lots of it.

Two things are primarily responsible for the upsurge, according to Mario Nevarez, president of the San Juan Senators. First, the generally heightened interest in baseball in the States is being reflected in Puerto Rico, because the *Game of the Week* was televised there (via satellite) for the first time. Second, the victory of the New York Mets absolutely delighted the islanders and got them bubbling about baseball again. "Puerto Ricans love an underdog," says Nevarez, but, more to the point, he explains that the Mets are looked upon as practically a home-town team. "Don't forget," he adds, "more than one million Puerto Ricans live in New York City, more than live in San Juan."

So, with late returns in from outlying districts, chalk up one more triumph for the Amazin's.

REPRISE

Among the many coach-athlete disputes that occurred on campuses the past couple of years (SI, Aug. 25 *et seq.*) was the one last December at Rhode Island's Providence College in which Track Coach Ray Hanlon, a strict disciplinarian, ordered that a TV set be removed from a room shared by four members of his cross-country team. The athletes resisted, and Hanlon suspended them. Other runners quit in sympathy, the team was disbanded, the track program dropped and at the end of the school year Hanlon was dismissed as coach.

This summer the college reactivated track and hired a part-time coach named Bob Amato, a former Providence runner who is now a physics and science

continued

ADVERTISEMENT

New Head skis for everyone.

Everyone?





Everyone.

When we say this year Head has new skis for everyone. we mean everyona Evan Jeen-Cleude Killy

Tha new Killy 800 is an impossible kind of ski it delivers the kind of performance you'd expect from fiberglass *and* the durability you'd expect from Head

It performs like the hottest racing aki ever put together Fiberglass gives it terrific damping, for quiet, chatter-free holding power It haa the new aldecut, a smooth-arcing even flex, end the new cracked edge for precise carving at ell-out racing speeds on blue ice.

The Killy 800 comes in 3 versions· Gient Slalom, Slelom, and Downhill. The GS and Slalom models have the same narrow-waisted modern sidecut, the Slalom has a slightly softer flex; the DH has somewhat straighter sidecut, a stamped edge (rather than cracked) and a thinner profile.

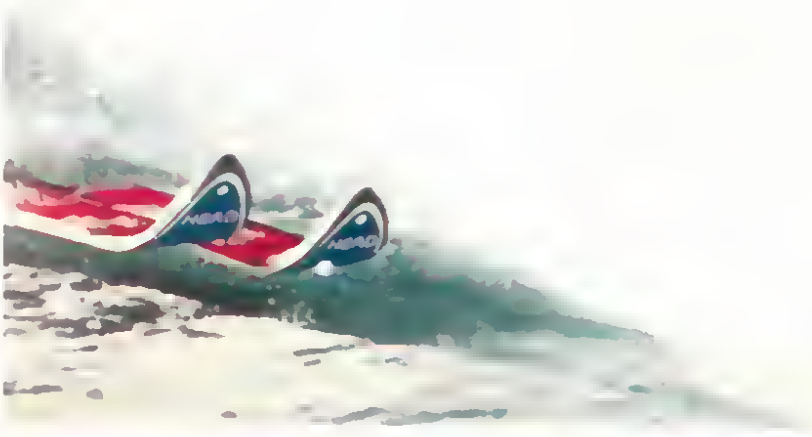
The Killy 800'a durability comes from two thin layers of aluminum we've added Thay spread end absorb the stresses evenly, so the ski retains its camber

All in ell, each of the Killy 800 models is truly a one-of-a-kind racing ski. They're the *only* ones with fiberglass, modern sidecut, the new cracked edge, and eluminum for camber retention.

Our new 606 is a one-of-a-kind *recreetional* ski: it has the proven high damping of fiberglass combined with the greater durability and camber retention of aluminum, plus flex and torsional properties that make for a delightful fun ski in all conditions.

And one more thing both the Killy 800 and the new 606 offer they're the *only* skis with Jean-Claude Killy's enthusiastic endorsement







The New 720 performs like a whole new kind of metal ski, possibly becauae that's what it is. A new kind of metal ski that hes already won an Olympic medal.

It haa a combinetion of flex, sidecut, rubber damping, and edge that nobody hss *ever* put into *any* ski before—metal or glass.

For openers, it has a perfectly even flex curve. softer in the mid-saction and stiffer at the extremities than older metal akis, which provides more positive edging et the control points.

The 720 also has the latest racing sidecut. extremely narrow in the waist, extra wide at both tip and tail, eo the entire sweep of side cambar is exaggerated.

The result of thia combination of modern sidecut, uniform flex, end the new stamped edge is hard to believe, but great to experience: e very enterteining ski that performs like a great racing ski, especially on less than blue ice.

In ahort, it hands you the kicks you'd get from fiberglass racing akis, but it's tough enough to be covered by our two-to-five-yeer warranty.



The New Shortski for 1970 is great for quickly learning the fundamentals, and for the older or more casual skier who just wants the easiest-turning ski ever built. This year it's built with a full L edge, improved flex, and an integral stainless-steel tip protector. And it's now available in the popular 100 cm size, too.



The New 320E is the ideal transition ski to help the intermediate skier move up into the advanced class. With the same exaggerated modern sidecut as today's hottest racing skis, the 320E encourages you to move your weight *back* a bit, over the center of the ski, get on your edges with more knee angulation, and really move out.
It is, in short, an experience.



The New 240 sells for a price anybody can afford, and it's specifically engineered to help you get more fun out of learning to ski.

Nothing's missing, though. every bit of the legendary Head quality and durability has been packed into these sharp-looking bright-blue beauties. They're as tough and supple as any Head ski ever made. And the nice part of it is, with 240's you can start skiing on Heads without spending an arm and a leg.

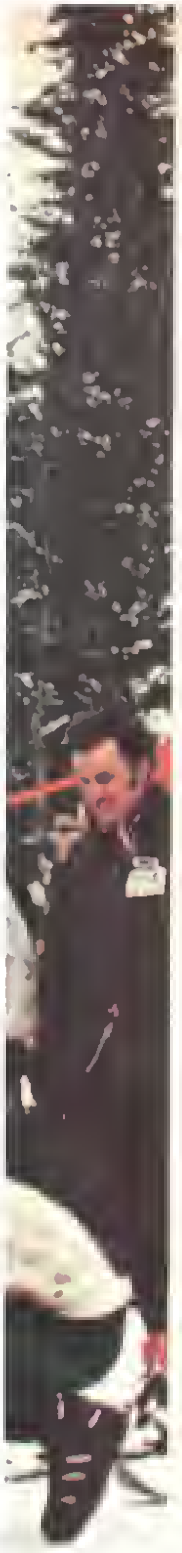
ADVERTISEMENT



The New 360. Since the 360 has developed a reputation as the most versatile ski ever produced, and maybe the greatest in both performance and popularity, this year we've decided to improve it. Nothing radical: just some refinements in the flex pattern, and a new integral stainless steel tip protector.

Otherwise, the new 360 is the good old 360, with the rubber damping layer, soft flex, and torsion to make it smooth and easy in a wide variety of conditions and for a wide variety of skiers.

A good skier on 360's can go through ice, corn, powder, mush, slush and boilerplate, all on one run, and without changing his style. Which may be why the ski is considered versatile.





The New 320W is a great intermediate ski for aofter snow conditions, with the traditionally straighter Head sidecut. This year we've given the 320W an integral stainless steal tip protector. It has a relatively soft flex overall and comes with the L edga as wall as dual damping.



The New DP makes it possible for you to enjoy the old glories of deep-powder skiing on a completely radesigned deep powder ski. Now the DP has been made wider, for added stability in "bottomless" powdar. It also has a hinged supple forebody that "floats" up in powder, as well as dual damping and the approval of the greatest deep-powder aces in the West, who pronounced it the greatest DP ever



The New JR 60 and JR 90 are the *only* kids' skis made for *kids*. Furthermore, they're the only ones made with the same care and materials as Head adult skis.

The JR 60 is engineered in every detail for the 5 to 12 age range, 40 to 100 pounds

The JR 90 ia made for the hot junior akier, espacially if he's starting to race.

A pair of Head JR'a makas a nice gift, especially if you'd like to see a certain kid ski well enough to drive a lot of grown-up skiers crazy.

ADVERTISEMENT

What's new:

Everything's new this year, as you may have gathered from the preceding pages. But maybe you'd like to be in on some of the specific details and background.

To begin with, this year our new-product development team (under the guidance of Head engineers) includes Olympic skiing stars Jean-Claude Killy, Michel Arpin, Pepi Stiegler, Leo Lacroix, Jim Barner, Stefan Kaelin and other members of the Head Advisory Staff.

Together, they've tackled the problems of creating a whole new product line, and they've come up with some great solutions.

For example, we added a small quantity of aluminum at both top and bottom of our new glass skis to help spread, absorb and dissipate the forces that would otherwise stress the fiberglass.

Result: our new Killy 800 and 606 skis deliver the unsurpassed damping of fiberglass and also give you the kind of durability you'd expect from Head.

The GS and Slalom models of the Killy 800 also have the new segmented steel cracked edge (Fig. I). The elastic qualities of the edge enable the ski to hold and carve on



Fig. I



Fig. II

ice, without making unnecessary contributions to the ski's overall stiffness.

The new stamped-and-nested edge (Fig. II) has been built into our new 720 racing ski and is also used on the Killy 800 Downhill. It's perforated so it can carve and hold just like the traditional competition L edge. But less steel reduces excess stiffness when the ski is flexed.

The Killy 800, 720 and 320E models have a completely new uniform flex pattern. This, combined with the modern sidecut (an exaggerated nipped-in waist) and any modern edge, allows the skier to take full advantage of the modern technique. Relaxed, weight farther back and body square to the hill, he can carve and hold at high speeds on ice like never before.

As long as the skis are edged, they keep turning easily. As Jean-Claude Killy says, "A ski should work for the skier, not vice versa."

Figure III. shows another new addition to the Head line for '70. It's the integral stainless steel tip protector, and



Figure III.

it's been added to *all* of our metal skis, as well as the Killy 800.

The Killy 800 itself is available in 3 models: the Slalom and Giant Slalom versions have the cracked edge, the Downhill cut comes with a stamped edge, a slightly thinner profile, and a very supple tip.

New colors, too. The red Killy 800 and 606, and the blue-topped 240 and JR's make this the most colorful Head line ever. And all Head skis are completely refinishable.

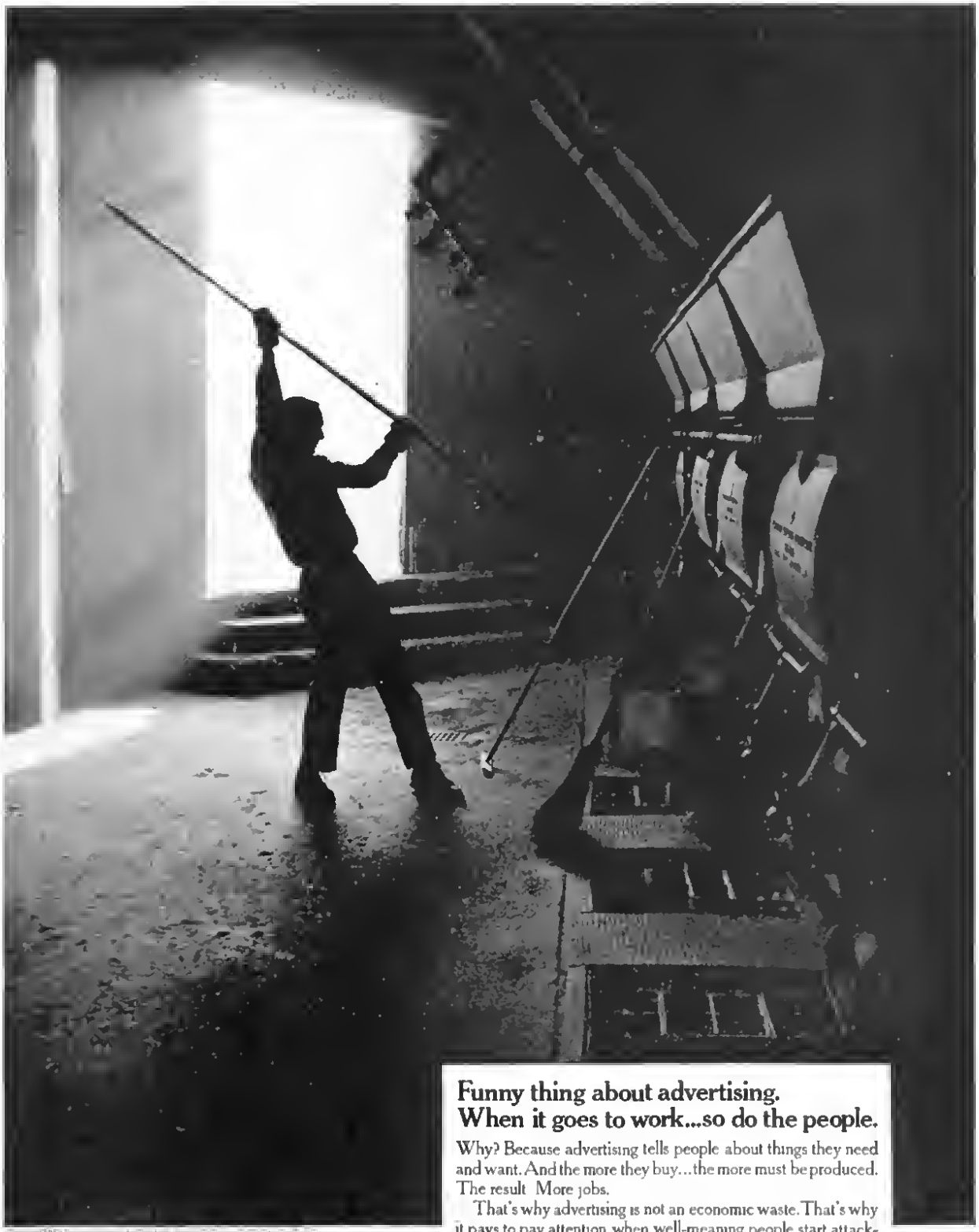
All Head skis are covered by our simplified and expanded service program, and our warranties and unconditional one-year guarantee.

Be sure to check your Head Qualified Dealer for details on all the new Head models, on service, prices, accessories, skiwear and advice. He may turn out to be the only thing Head has to recommend this year that *isn't* new.

That's what's new.

HEAD SKI COMPANY, INC.
Timonium, Maryland 21093





Funny thing about advertising. When it goes to work...so do the people.

Why? Because advertising tells people about things they need and want. And the more they buy...the more must be produced. The result More jobs.

That's why advertising is not an economic waste. That's why it pays to pay attention when well-meaning people start attacking advertising. They'll tell you advertising makes people want things they don't need. And they're right. Advertising builds dreams. But not idle ones. A new home, a new car, a trip. Maybe they're not lofty or awe-inspiring or earth-shaking. But they're one person's private dreams...and his alone. Put enough of them together and you'll know what made this country great.

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Town & Country. With Firestone's
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You go through ice, mud and snow or we pay the tow.

How can Firestone build a snow tire so great we can guarantee you'll go through ice, mud and snow or we'll pay the tow?

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We don't believe that a tire that works hard has to ride hard. So you'll find that Town & Country® Wide Oval tires handle beautifully. They give you a nice, quiet ride.

Stop in at your Firestone store or dealer's and get Town & Country tires *before* the snow flies. Soon. Like *today*.

Guarantee applies on new Town & Country tire on drive wheels for the entire life of original tread design. Tow charge paid by selling Dealer/Store.



For extra bite on icy roads, ask for Ice Grip Safety Studs. They're available where local laws permit.



The following events actually took place. Only the names have been changed.

January 10, 1969.

5 30 P.M.—Mrs. Harris Williams and her daughter left their home in Manhasset, L.I , and drove to Kennedy Airport to pick up Mr. Williams who was coming home from a business trip.

7.30 P.M.—Mr. Williams' flight landed (one hour late, due to inclement weather)

8.00 P.M.—The Williams family stopped off at a small I ong Island restaurant for some dinner.

9:00 P M.—They arrived home, found the house in shambles, and called the police.

9:15 P.M.—The police got there and together with the Williamses compiled a list of the articles missing Among them were· the sterling silver (they left the stainless), the color TV (they left the black and white), eight bottles of Chivas Regal (they left the ordinary liquor).

10·00 P.M —The police attempted to add some levity to the situation by commenting on the thieves' good taste.

10.01 P.M.—Mr. and Mrs Williams didn't laugh.

teacher at East Providence High School. The first thing Amato did was write to those members of the disbanded squad who would be coming back to school. "I had no idea what the response would be," he says now. "I didn't know if we would have enough for a team or whether any of them would want to come out at all. But of the 15, all but three came out and are still on the squad. Of the three who didn't, two are studying in Italy this year and the third had an injury that kept him from running."

Amato says he has been aware of no carryover of last year's dissent. "There has been only complete willingness," he adds, "and sometimes to a degree that has surprised me. I called a special practice for 10 o'clock on a Sunday morning, and everyone was there ahead of time, waiting to get going."

Amato uses none of the strict Hanlon rules that brought on the ferment. His attitude, he says, is that his charges are college men who know what they have to do if they want to be successful and that he is there to help.

So far, the relaxed approach seems to be paying off. A year ago the Providence cross-country squad had a 7-3 record in dual meets and won both the team and individual titles at the Eastern Intercollegiate Athletic Conference run. This year the dual meet record was 8-2, and again Providence took team and individual titles at the Easterns.

But last year at this time dissension was beginning to tear the team apart. Now there appears to be only harmony and purpose. Marty Robb, the team's star, said last week, "Now it's a sport again, not a way of life."

And television? Ray Labonte, the team captain, grinned and said, "We even watch a little of that now."

POOR FISH

For many years the weakfish, a dining delicacy and, despite its soft mouth, a popular game fish, was one of the common prizes caught off the Northeastern coast of the U.S. Suddenly, in the mid-1950s, the species virtually disappeared, and some scientists, who believed its major nursery grounds to be in the North Carolina sounds, blamed the wipeout on commercial trawlers off the Carolina coast that scoop up thousands of pounds of fish—trash and otherwise—to sell to the cat-food industry.

This past summer, however, despite

continued



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The SS5000 features RCA's high-performance Computer Crafted Stereo Tuner in the tuner/amplifier. It means great performance because it brings in hard-to-get FM/AM and FM Stereo stations and separates stations crammed together on the dial.

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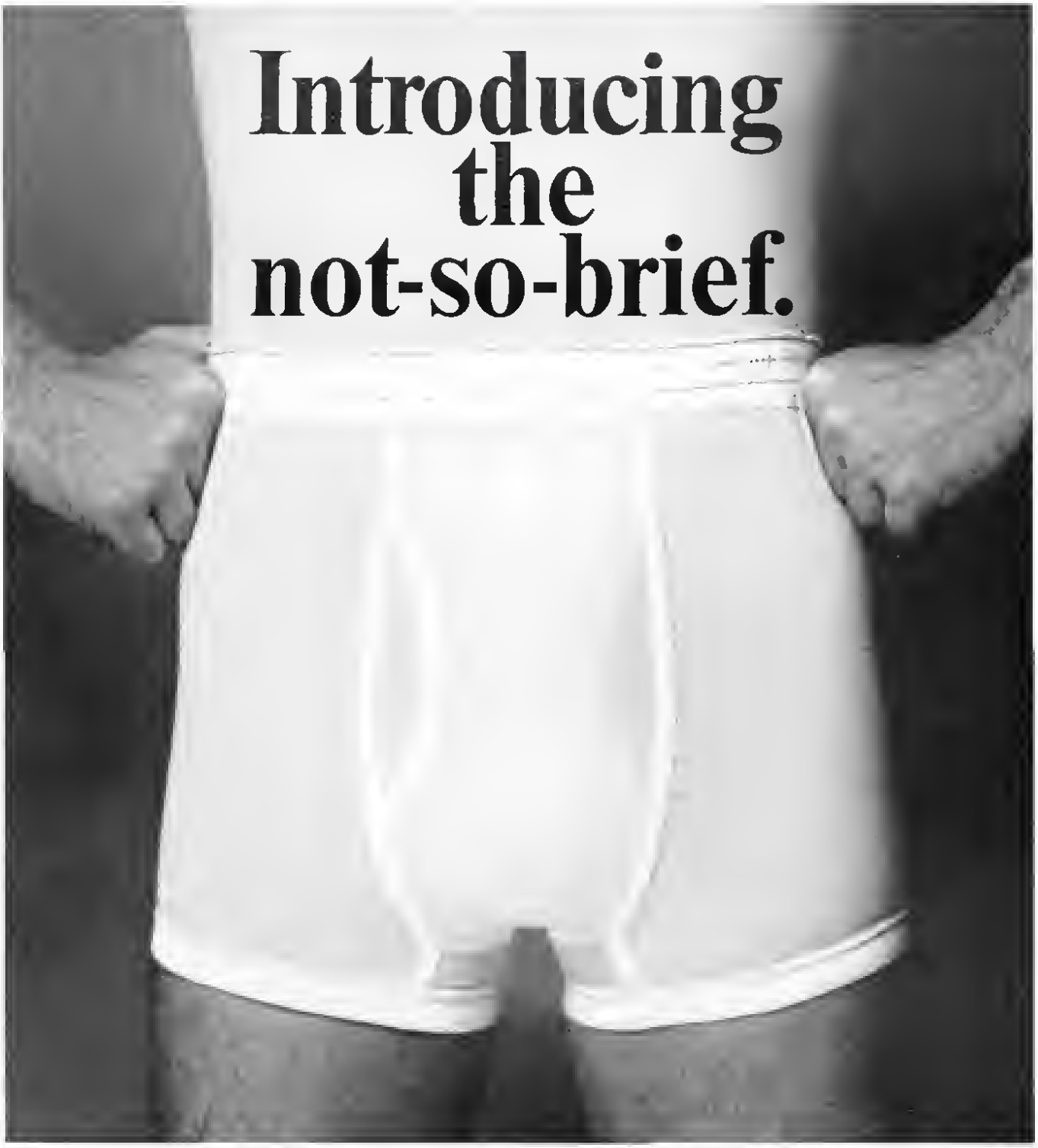
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the continued trawling, weakfish mysteriously reappeared off New Jersey and New York. (Many new-generation fishermen, unfamiliar with the species, threw them back.) Scientists, now recognizing the importance of a separate Northern-based population, set to work to learn why it had surfaced again. One theory now holds that the weakfish had been all but killed off not by the trawling operations but by rising pollution, and that the few survivors had developed into a hardier strain that was more resistant.

Whatever the reason for the return of the weakfish, the question may be largely academic. A substantial percentage of the weakfish caught this summer had fin rot, which apparently spreads in direct proportion to the increase in water pollution. The disease deters growth and migration, and eventually the fins drop off and the fish dies.

Will there be weakfish in 1970? Not even ichthyologists will venture a guess.

MANY COOKS

Jim Coleman, who was co-captain of Arkansas football team in 1919, was a guest at homecoming this year and marveled at the coaches who flourish in such great numbers around modern-day teams. "In 1919," Coleman noted, "we traveled with 15 players. A large squad was 18. Nowadays they have more coaches than we had players."

Coleman's comment was not hyperbole. Including graduate assistants, Arkansas has 21 men on its coaching staff.

THEY SAID IT

- George Andrie, Dallas Cowboy end, noting that inspirational talks by former Cowboys Tommy McDonald and Jerry Rhome lifted the Cleveland Browns to an emotional peak for the last two Dallas games: "This ought to teach us one *thing*, if we ever trade any more ballplayers, we sure don't want to send any silver-tongued orators."
- Weeb Ewbank, New York Jet coach, resorting to Stengelese when explaining why Joe Namath missed a practice. "I wouldn't say that Joe has a sore arm, per se, but his arm is kind of sore."
- James Shepard, Massachusetts game director, after closing the hunting season for bears because some of the bears were getting drunk on the juice of wild apples fermenting in their stomachs: "It wouldn't be very sporting to shoot them in this condition." **END**

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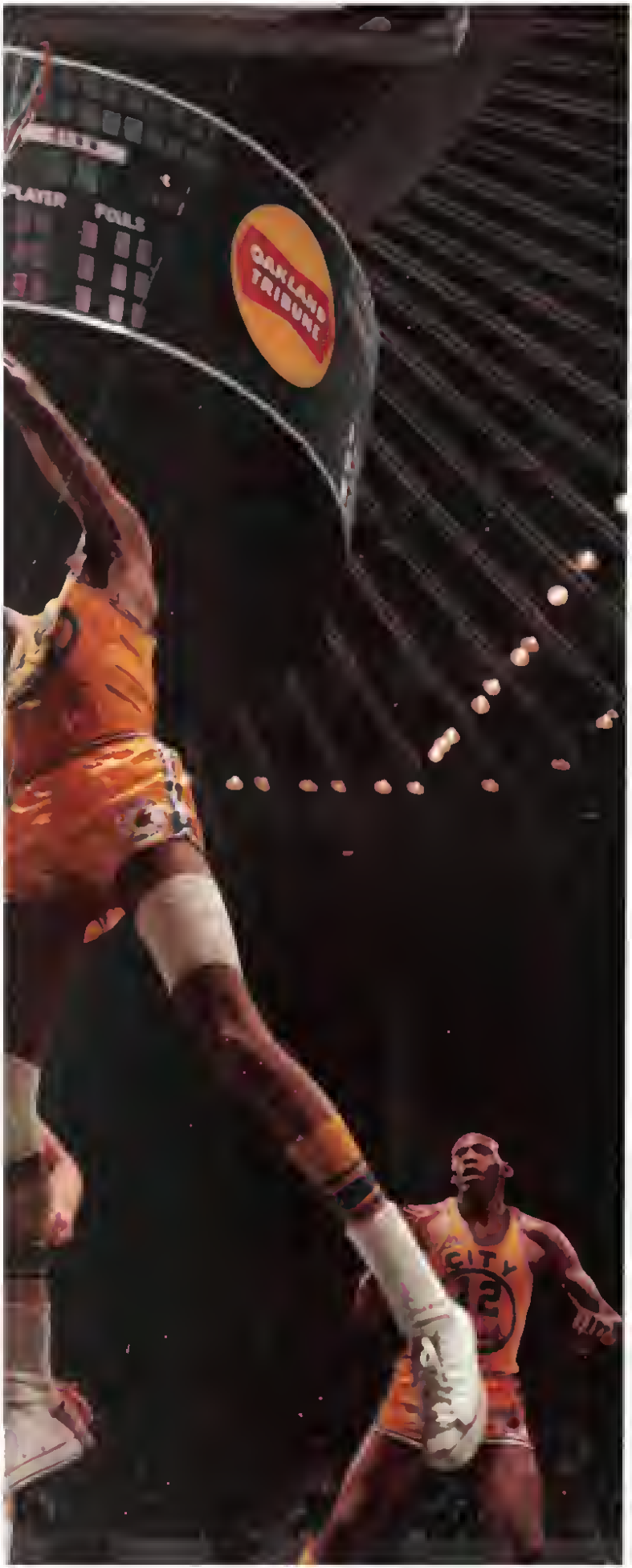
Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 17, 1969

POWER GAME IN THE CITY

To win a basketball game, you have to get the ball occasionally. Now that Jerry Lucas has joined the San Francisco front line, the team will get the ball on rebounds more than any other in the NBA, as Lucas and Nate Thurmond demonstrated last week against Cincinnati. That advantage is inspiring hopes of a title

by ALFRED WRIGHT





When the president of Jerry Lucas Beef 'N Shakes, Inc., that growing Midwestern chain of eateries, moved to San Francisco several weeks ago, the *Wall Street Journal* missed the story completely and the food industry took the news placidly. San Franciscans, on the other hand, perked up—particularly those 8,000 or so who regularly get their kicks at basketball games. It turned out that the food magnate had also contracted to play forward for the San Francisco Warriors, who were badly in need of someone about 6′ 8″ high who could score maybe 20 points a game.

San Franciscans are the type of people who refer to their home town as The City and take their blessings pretty much for granted. Yet, when the food magnate was introduced to Warrior fans in Civic Auditorium for the first time, they stood and applauded him for two minutes in a very un-Citylike burst of enthusiasm and for the next few days others stopped him on the street to say welcome. Jerry Lucas was theirs, and a lot of people were thinking that maybe an NBA championship might also be. What with Wilt Chamberlain's disabling knee injury last Friday night, the prospects are now even more so.

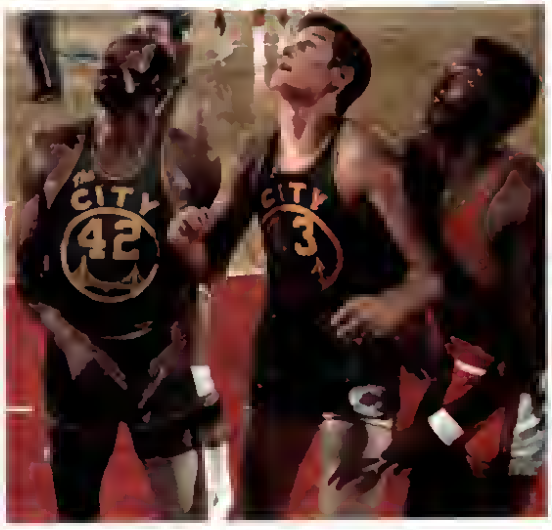
Up to that moment, quite a few seers had been picking the Warriors to finish somewhere in the ruck of the NBA's Western Division this year. True, they had Nate Thurmond, all 6′ 11″ of him, at center, and no one outplays Nate through the course of a season. They also had Clyde Lee, 6′ 10″, at one forward. Together, Thurmond and Lee had led the Warriors to the rebounding championship of the league last year. But there was a rather ominous void at the other corner after Rudy LaRusso decided last summer that a man of his age should be in business rather than in athletics. Lee is no Billy the Kid around the basket, so someone was needed up front to supply those 18 to 20 points a game and the kind of help around the backboards Lucas had been giving Cincinnati since he turned pro in 1963. With Luke alongside Thurmond and Lee, the

continued


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Warriors now have power to spare. It might take an M-1 rifle and a blackjack to get the ball away from them.

Of course, you don't just go out and hire yourself a Jerry Lucas when you feel in the mood. You have to luck into that kind of deal. One Monday, just as the season was getting under way, Bob Feerick, the Warriors' general manager, took a phone call from Joe Axelson, his counterpart in Cincinnati. "How about a trade?" Axelson asked.

"Sure," said Feerick. "Who do you want to trade? Oscar Robertson or Jerry Lucas?" This was largely in jest, except that there had been rumors of grumbling inside the Royals' tent.

"You guessed it," Axelson replied. "I mean Lucas. He's not happy here, and he'd like to play for you."

At first the Royals wanted to make an even trade—Lucas for Jeff Mullins, the perpetually moving guard who, the Warriors feel, is on the verge of becoming one of the superstars of basketball. They were not about to part with him. Instead, they offered Jim King, a good but injury-prone guard, along with Bill Turner, a young forward with speed who was working his way into the Warriors' starting lineup. The Royals scouted these two in Atlanta and New York during the week of negotiations and happened to catch them at top form in games the Warriors won—the latter being the Knicks' only loss of the new season. In fact, both men played so well that the Royals began to fear the Warriors might lose interest in a trade.

By Friday of that week Feerick told the Royals, "I've got a very emotional boss [*meaning Franklin Mieuli, the Warriors' very emotional owner*]. He falls in love with his players, and if we beat Milwaukee tomorrow night, he may not want to make the trade." A few frantic phone calls later, the deal was on.

Even for a star athlete of Luke's dimensions it takes time to work into a new system. Under Coach George Lee, the Warriors' style is to dominate the backboards, then let Mullins or one of the other three guards bring the ball down the court while the play forms around those three big men up front. Thurmond can play a high post and hook, Lee patrols up close for the tap-ins and now there is Lucas for the longer outside shots or the quick drive-in and layup. And, of course, Mullins: he gets his 25 or 30 points from anywhere.

Lucas had to work into this pattern first against the Milwaukee Alcindors, a game the Warriors won largely because Thurmond was able to limit Alcindor to seven field goals and five rebounds while scoring 10 himself. "I just tried to stay out of the way," Luke said later, "and shoot when I was open." He got 10 that night. Then, after a desultory loss to the Chicago Bulls and a runaway 23-point victory over Lucas' old teammates, the Royals, the Warriors set off on a brutal five-game road trip last week that had them playing in Baltimore, Cincinnati, Boston, Atlanta and Salt Lake—all in a stretch of seven days.

In the airports, in the coffee shops, on the planes and in the drafty dressing rooms of the arenas, Luke and his new teammates found time to muse on how their new relationship was developing. Luke is nothing if not intelligent. A Phi Beta Kappa at Ohio State in 1962, he has spent his leisure time away from the courts, building that food business, for which he recently turned down an offer of $1.5 million. There is also the LTN Enterprises, a construction firm just getting under way.

Sitting in a Baltimore coffee shop just before the first road game, Luke talked about his new life. He is a handsome man with a large open face and the sleepy-looking hoods of his eyelids are a sharp contrast to the alert gray eyes beneath. "I feel differently than I have ever felt professionally," he was saying. "I had wanted to come to San Francisco, not just because it was a nice place to live; I had always heard the Warriors were a happy club without a lot of hang-ups, that they got along well together and that Franklin Mieuli was a fair and considerate owner.

"This team has the potential to do real well," he went on, "and I think most of us feel we can go all the way if we play the way we can and stay healthy and get the breaks. This is the first time I ever played with a team with a real big, dominating center. There isn't a better man in the league than Nate, and that puts more pressure on you to do the things *you* can do best. It gives you more confidence.

"Another thing I hope I can contribute," Luke added, "is a voice in the huddle, a voice in the locker room—encouraging the other players. We're a young team, and I guess that except for Al Attles, our assistant coach who also fills in at guard, I'm about the oldest guy. I'll be 30 in March. So I ought to be able to help some of the younger players to think positively. It's really very exciting. It's given me a new lease on life, and I feel like a rookie again."

While he was talking, Luke was toying with his right hand, moving it up and down, pressing it back against his forearm. Though he had said nothing about it at the time, he had taken a crack on it in the Cincinnati game a couple of nights earlier and it was stiffening up. That night he could scarcely hold the ball, and shooting was impossible. He got only one field goal against Baltimore as the Bullets ran the Warriors ragged, winning by 19 points.

Depression descended. "We're a moving team," said Coach Lee. "We can get the ball, but if we don't move, we can't score. We were awful." Luke went to the hospital for X rays, which were negative, and the team moved on to Cincinnati, where Luke took heat on his arm and played with it bandaged. The Warriors moved that night, and it was a laugher—they beat the Royals by 21 points, and Luke's mending arm provided 19.

The next night in Boston was the opposite—a cliffhanger that was settled in the last few seconds by Luke's driving layup, giving him a total of 21. "We needed that game," everyone was saying afterward. "We came from 15 points behind, and it proved to us we can win the tough ones."

This is a point that worries everyone, Owner Mieuli especially. "Ever since we lost Rick Barry it's been tough for us," he says, "but now with Lucas I think maybe we have a winner. What worries me is that San Francisco teams aren't winners. I think a lot has to do with our way of life. It's too easy. We won't work as hard as people from those other cities where life is tough, cities like Green Bay and Cleveland. But beating Boston tonight on their own court may have proved something. Maybe it showed we *are* tough. Not just good enough to win but tough enough to win." **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG

In the Warriors' big week, Thurmond and Lee show the team's board strength by boxing out Baltimore. Lucas cuts by Nate in a low post. Lee and Luke take a break on the bench, and Mullins eludes two big Bullets for a layup.

MISSOURI WALTZES TO VICTORY

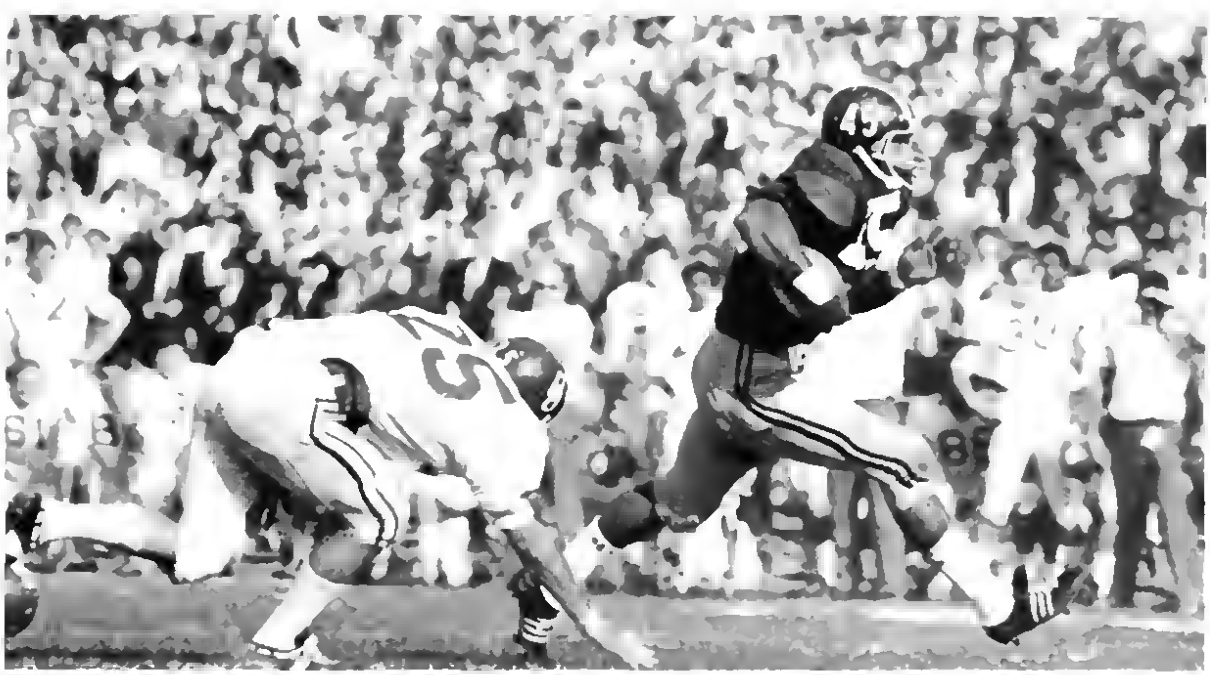
After spotting Oklahoma an early lead, the Tigers came storming back to win 44–10, take a firm grip on the Big Eight Conference lead and solidify their ranking among the nation's top teams **by ROY BLOUNT JR.**

Columbia, Mo. is near Jesse James and Quantrill country, and all you would have to do to make its main street look fit for a shoot-out between the townsfolk and the Dalton Gang is take away the shopping-mall-type concrete canopy over the sidewalk and restore all the original hitching posts and swinging doors. But an intersecting street called the Strollway leads from this Old West setting to the University of Missouri, which boasts such modern and nonviolent distinctions as the nation's largest on-campus nuclear reactor and one of its best-known schools of journalism. It also has one of the country's best football teams. Last Saturday 61,000 people in bright fall sweaters, jackets, miniskirts and several different shapes of silly black and gold hats descended like leaves from thousands of autumnal magazine ads onto the university's football grounds to watch the Tigers take the Oklahoma Sooners and, in the words of a popular cheer, "Eat 'em up, eat 'em up, crunch, crunch."

They saw Quarterback Terry McMillan—who was never better than second string in high school, who was primarily a runner last year and who is being forced into an odd gingerly gait this year by bruised ribs and a sprained toe—pass for 312 yards and three touchdowns. They saw Tailback Joe Moore—who was a proud defensive guard in high school and who begged, when converted to running back at Missouri, for one more chance to play linebacker—edge Oklahoma's star, Steve Owens (110 yards in 23 carries to 109 in 29). They saw fleet receivers Mel Gray and John Henley make catches that seemed to require electronic fingers. Gray for a school record of 171 yards. And they saw a defense led by Nip Weisenfels and Sam Adams throw Oklahoma Quarterback Jack Mildren for 71 yards of losses. Overall, they saw the Tigers, who had lost to Oklahoma 35 times in the last 59 years, overwhelm the Sooners 44–10 to virtually wrap up the Big Eight Conference title, nail down a spot among the nation's Top Ten teams and assure themselves of a trip to a bowl game.

There were moments on Saturday when it looked as though *Boomer Sooner* would win out over "Eat 'em up, crunch, crunch." Oklahoma picked up a first-quarter field goal and went ahead 10–0 on a five-yard touchdown run by Owens, but McMillan started hitting Gray with passes, and by halftime it was 17–10 Missouri. The game came completely apart in the third quarter when Missouri kicked off following a touchdown that put the Tigers ahead 31–10. The kick caromed off a succession of Oklahoma players and was finally recovered in the end zone by Missouri for still another touchdown. Eat 'em up, and how!

But Missouri fans don't demand such circus maneuvers and statistical riches.



Long gone. Missouri's Joe Moore runs for a 22-yard touchdown which helped him win his rushing duel with Oklahoma's Steve Owens.

This year's 7-1 record with 30 yards and a cloud of smoke may wow them more than Head Coach Dan Devine's traditional three-and-dust, but Devine has always given them at least a winning season. His is the only major college team in the state, and Missourians have responded to his generally low-key program with a sustained devotion that is enough to make a man doubt that the pros have everything.

These are no fair-weather fans. Three weeks ago, for the win over Oklahoma State, 51,000 people arrived in a pouring rain, sat for four quarters in a pouring rain and went home in a pouring rain. In one game this year the Tigers packed them in so tight that one fan was crowded off the back of the bleachers. Not only do they fill up the stands, they overflow onto the slope behind the north end zone. Last Saturday some stretched out on blankets and others perched like maroon and orange and olive-green mountain goats on the white-painted rocks that form a tremendous M there.

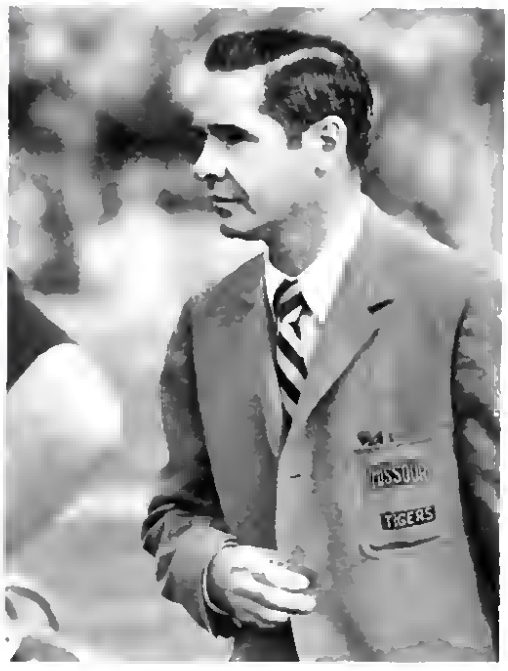
Nor do they—especially the students among them—limit their enthusiasm to game time. Missouri has pot busts and a measure of campus politics (SDS, though, is said to have broken up on campus this year after the arrest of several members for selling a publication containing a picture of the Statue of Liberty being raped by a policeman), but its dominant culture remains beer-drinking and football-loving. Official spokesmen say that in recent years Missouri has become much less of a party school and much tougher scholastically, but some students suggest that while studying is indeed more pronounced, partying has just dispersed. The Shack, the color of whose modest front portal inspired the song *The Green Door*, is no longer filled with nightly on-campus celebrants, and the I.V., or Italian Village, was closed in 1967 despite a riot by outraged habitues in the streets bounding the campus. But along about Thursday night before a football game, in the Village Inn a couple of miles off campus, a crush of Missourians begins to congregate almost on top of one another, waving brews high and singing deafening songs until one a.m. to the accompaniment of a banjo band. *Darktown Strutters' Ball* is big, and so are *Yankee Doodle* and *Dixie*. In fact, Columbia is in a section of Missouri known as Little Dixie, which would rather not have remained in the Union. (*Dixie* was sung in an organized way in the stadium until a couple of years ago, when some black students raised a black flag in protest.) Interspersed among the songs at the Village Inn are good old Mizzou cheers, and during the week leading up to the Oklahoma game, cheers and school songs were shouted spontaneously in the dormitory dining halls.

At a recent team dinner, on the other hand, Coach Devine looked around at his boys putting away their 28-ounce steaks and said, "Isn't this the quietest team you ever heard?" Asked if all his team members were quiet, he answered, "The good ones." Devine himself is a man who, as his assistant, Ed Dissinger, puts it, "You've near about got to tune in to hear." He is assured and forthcoming (and in person not so consistently pained-looking as his photographs) but hardly very colorful. He seems to be one of those executives whose force of command is more administrative than personal. He is noted for his neatness, and it is said that he washes off his whistle after every practice. Newsmen give him chance after chance to express some emotional bias toward the new long-gain, heavily aerial offense, which might be expected to go against his methodical ball-control grain, but he declines. "We felt we had to pass to move the ball," he said after the Oklahoma game. "I go by what's on the scoreboard, and I use what I find I have on the practice field."

What his players do in practice is go over and over plays until they have them down perfectly. They do not bust each other's heads between games. The essential task is to learn to make the correct moves. "You have to be a machine," says Guard Tim Crnko earnestly. "There's no other way."

You also have to toe the line off the field. Football may go hand in hand with serious carousing for most of the team's supporters, but Crnko will tell you that the training rules laid down by Devine are "commonsense things. You can't be seen in a place where alcoholic beverages are served, you can't drink. I don't think anybody on the team would do any of those things even if it weren't for the rules." Devine apparently maintains such discipline not by wielding some charisma of his own, but by harping, with soft-spoken dignity, upon team pride. "One of our freshmen got into some trouble earlier in the year," Devine says, "and he still won't look me in the eye. I've yet to say the word boo to him, but when he sees me he looks down. It wasn't major trouble, but it reflected discredit on the whole team." The freshman may also be aware that Devine threw his first-string center off the team before the Gator Bowl last year, partly because his hair was too long and he wore his football jersey out, but mostly because his attitude indicated that he was testing Devine. "A lot of coaches who talk bigger than I do wouldn't have done that," says Devine. He adds, however, that he feels he failed the player in question. "It's hard to grow up these days," he says.

Now that Missouri has disposed of Oklahoma, only Iowa State and Kansas stand between the team and its first Big Eight title since 1945, if you don't count the one it was awarded in 1960 when Kansas was ruled ineligible after the season was over. The Big Eight is the toughest conference in the country this year, but Iowa State and Kansas are its weakest teams and Missouri should beat them both. That Kansas game is Nov. 22. If you happen to be near Columbia and want to see a friendly riot, drop by the Village Inn. **END**



Coach Devine is as clean as his whistle

THE TRADES BECALM SKINNY JACK

Nicklaus beat the wind on his record-breaking first round in the Hawaiian Open, but Bruce Crampton blew in from nowhere **by MARK MULVOY**

Jack Nicklaus, that mere shadow of a man, was not considered a good bet to take the Hawaiian Open last week. Even though Nicklaus had won his last two tournaments—the Sahara and the Kaiser—this one was a course of another choler. On Thursday, Lee Trevino, last year's winner, had looked at the palm trees swaying under the 40-mile trade winds and told everyone that there was no way Nicklaus could play well in that gale. "I'll even give him a shot a side," said Trevino, who is one of the game's best wind players. Trevino, of course, was also figuring on the possibility that wispy Jack would not even make it through the wind to the 1st tee.

Nicklaus made it to the 1st tee all right and shot a 63—a record nine under par—on that first day. Then the trade winds died down, and Jack's game seemed to die with them. He played the next three rounds in only one under par, while the asocial Aussie, Bruce Crampton, riding the calm, made up nine shots on Jack in the third round to take the lead and then win the tournament by four strokes with a steady 5-under-par 67 on Sunday.

Although he did not become the second golfer to win $1 million on the tour, something that will have to wait a few more weeks, Nicklaus was happy with his 63 in that first round. And the fact that Jack, normally a painfully slow player, took only three hours to do it was of some solace to the rest of the pros, who do not call the Hawaiian Open the Mai Tai Festival for nothing. They all realized that the faster they played the sooner they could have a mai tai ("the best" in the Hawaiian language) in their overlapping grips, a bathing suit on their bodies and an open stance in the waters around Waikiki.

The mai tai, a concoction guaranteed to make any losing golfer a sure winner, goes like this: start with half an ounce of orgeat syrup. Add half an ounce of orange curaçao, an ounce of fresh lemon juice and two ounces of rum. Toss in a sprig of fresh mint, a stick of fresh sugar cane, a slice of Vanda orchid, a slice of lemon, a slice of lime and a few spears of fresh pineapple. Pour it all over some cracked ice in a glass. Now insert a 6½-inch straw. Ahh, there you have it. Drink.

Then you relax and enjoy like Arnold Palmer, who signed more autographs in his Arnold Palmer bathing suit (the only solid-color suit to be seen in Hawaii since the island was discovered by Northwest Airlines) than he did in his Arnold Palmer golf clothes. There was the social whirl, too, for those who wanted it. These arrangements were handled by two experienced planners, Bob Anderson, a 10-handicapper who is the owner (with Phil Linz) of Mr. Laffs pub on New York's East Side, and Joe Carr, a six-year regular on the tour. Anderson, a bachelor, worked exclusively with the married couples, like the Tom Weiskopfs and the Bert Yanceys—directing them to the best restaurants, the best shows, like Morgana King at the Outrigger—the best of everything. Carr, also a bachelor, played host to the young single players at Keone's, a swinging place run by a golf nut named Johnny Uyehara. Carr, who is from Worcester, Mass., was sponsored by Keone's and Uyehara for almost a year on the tour.

Last year on a Mai Tai night Carr even arranged a wedding for one of his tour friends, Jim Grant, who called his girl in Chicago and told her to get the first flight to Hawaii. "Barring late developments, I don't think we'll have any marriages this year," Carr said on the last day of the tournament.

Unlike most of the players at the Mai Tai, Jack Nicklaus avoided the socializing and concentrated mainly on his suddenly revitalized golf game. When he left for Hawaii after winning the playoff for the Kaiser tournament, Jack expected that his wife and two of his four children would join him in Hawaii at the end of the week. Then the entire family came down sick. Jack almost withdrew from the Mai Tai before it started, to head home and see how things were.

After Jack's great round on that first day, when he had a four-stroke lead, he talked about his putting. "I missed only one putt all day," he said. "And I couldn't understand the one I missed. I was making the 45- and 50-footers and then missed that little 15-footer." Then he laughed and was shaking his head as he walked away.

Later that afternoon Nicklaus met Palmer on the beach.

"Quite a round you had," Arnold told him.

"I was putting like you used to," Jack said, smiling.

"You must've been using an Arnold Palmer putter," Arnold said.

"If you stretched my putts out, they'd reach to the mainland," Jack said.

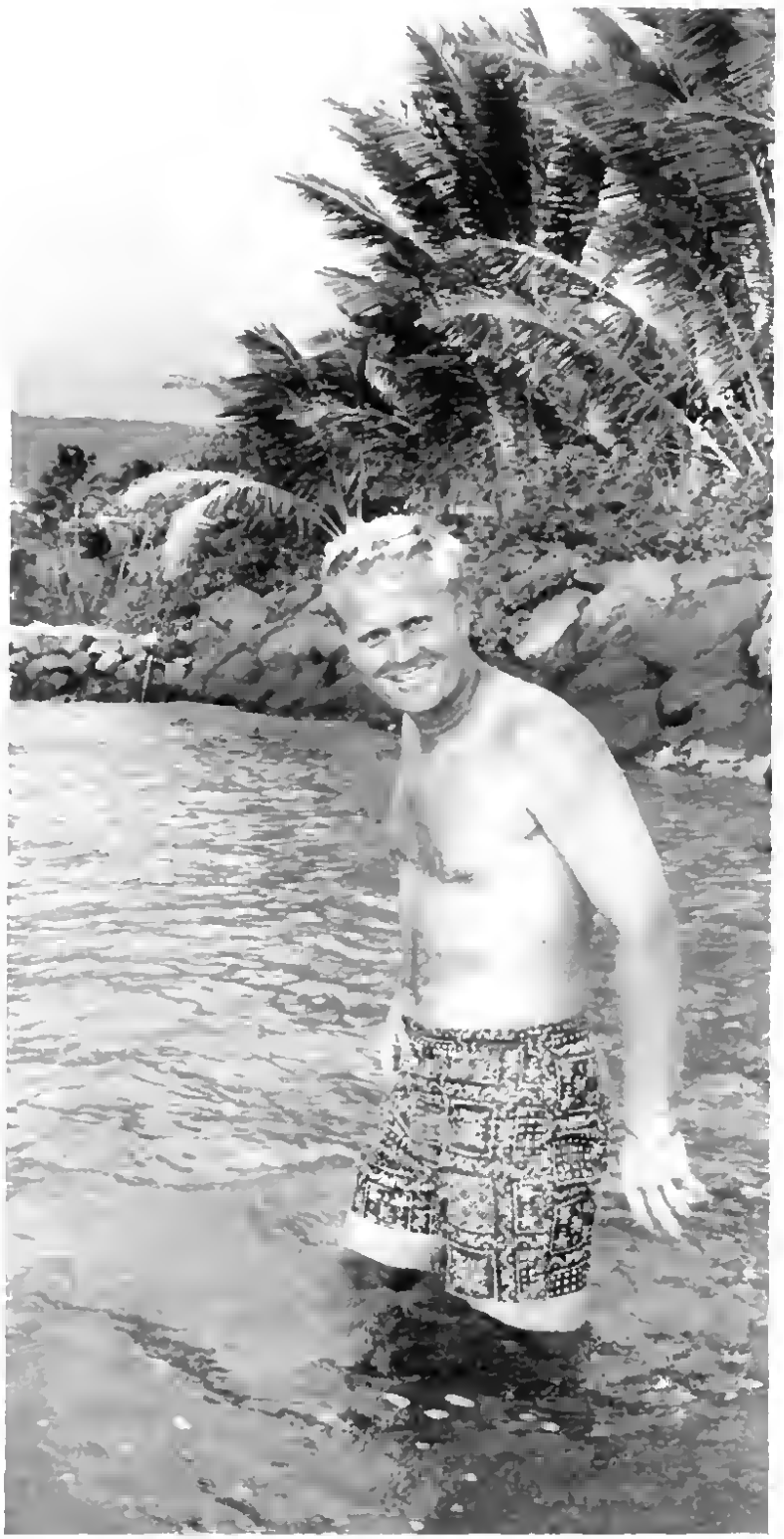
Walking away from the beach, Nicklaus met Frank Beard's wife Pat.

"You look so skinny," she said.

"I've lost 20 pounds," Jack said, tapping his stomach.

"I need your diet," Mrs. Beard said. "Frank's got to lose some weight." Around the tour the players are saying that Beard, this year's leading money winner, is beginning to look like Nicklaus used to.

The 20 missing pounds around Nicklaus' *opu*, as they say in Hawaii, and the restoration of his single chin help define the change that has taken place in his golf game. "No matter what I do I've still had a terrible year, and I can't get away from that fact," Jack said. "I didn't win when I wanted to. I played poorly at Augusta. They played the U.S. Open on Bermuda grass, and I don't play well on Bermuda. Five drives ru-



Nicklaus shows off his lithe form before taking a cooling dive—and no belly whopper.

ined me at the British Open. And I was hit by riots at the PGA. It was not my year. I used *to say,* 'Well, *next* week I'll play better,' but soon I realized I was saying that every week.

"I don't feel different physically," he said. "Mentally, though, it's a whole new game. I pick up a paper and see my picture and say, 'Who's that skinny guy?' Nobody likes to be called fat. Personally, I don't think I was fat. I was big. There is a difference."

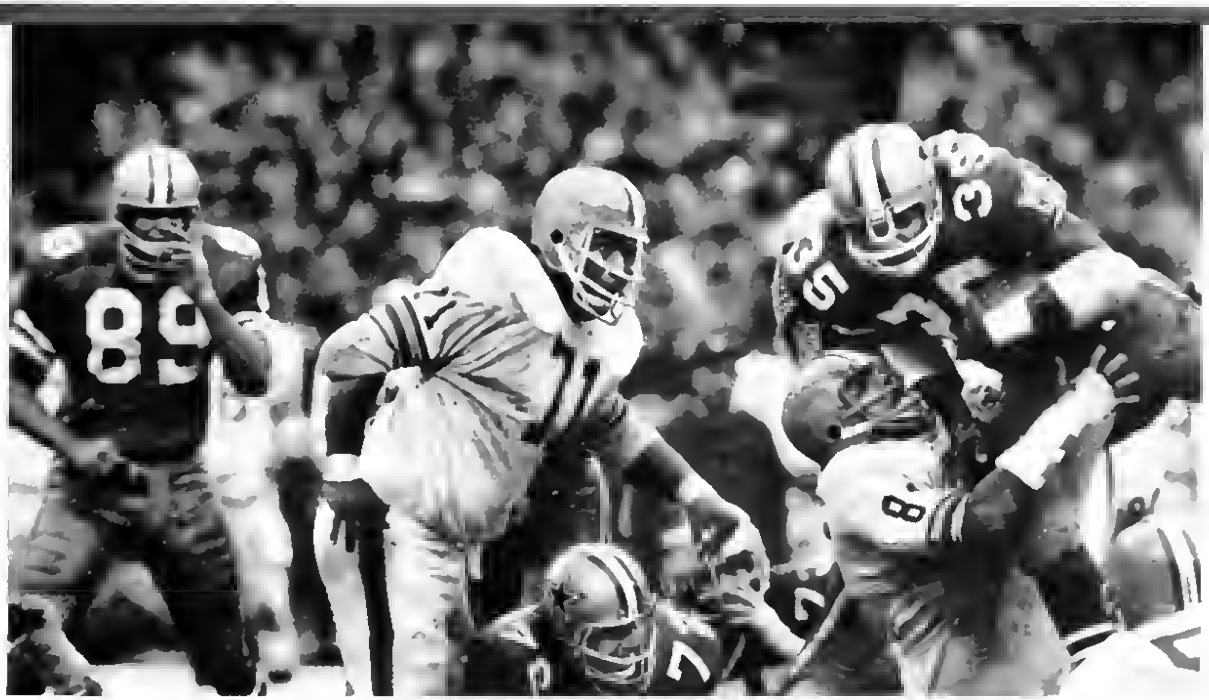
On Friday at the Mai Tai, Nicklaus birdied five of the first eight holes, giving him 14 birdies in his first 26 holes—an astonishing pace. Then his putter turned cold. He played the last 10 holes in two over par, finishing with a one-under-par 71 for the round. "It's strange," he said. "I shouldn't have been 63 Thursday and I shouldn't have been 71 today. I'm 134 for two rounds—and that's how I've played. But I really think I should have had a couple of 67s."

Still leading by four strokes, Nicklaus started Saturday playing the way he left off on Friday and immediately lost the lead to Tom Weiskopf. Then Weiskopf got into trouble, and Crampton, who was eight shots behind Nicklaus at the start of the round, took a temporary three-stroke lead with a strong seven-under-par 65. Eventually Nicklaus recovered from a 22-hole slump, during which he did not make a birdie and salvaged a lowly 74—his first over-par round in four tournaments—to close within one stroke of Crampton at the end of the day.

On Sunday Crampton came on even stronger, making birdies on the first two holes, while Nicklaus, playing in the group ahead, missed short birdie putts and had to settle for pars. This gave the little Australian a comfortable three-stroke lead, and he outplayed Nicklaus the rest of the round.

The best thing Bruce did all week, though, was keep his cool. For years he has been known as the mean man on the tour—rude with caddies, galleries, marshals and tournament officials. He still is not Mr. Congeniality, but last week, at least, Crampton had his mouth shut and his temper in control.

So Sunday night they gave Bruce his check for $25,000—enough money to keep him in mai tais, if not in a permanent good humor. **END**



Cleveland's rubber-band defense—it gives but seldom snaps—contained Cal Hill and his fellow Cowboys in the 42–10 win two weeks ago.

BIG FOUR HEAD FOR THE SUMMIT

With the NFL season more than half over, the four divisional leaders—Rams, Vikings, Cowboys and Browns—may be too far in front to be overtaken and are sizing each other up for next month's playoffs

by TEX MAULE

With the NFL season a little more than half over, only one team has clearly established its claim to a division title. The Los Angeles Rams, rather surprisingly, have spread-eagled what had seemed to be a very strong Coastal Division and, after beating San Francisco 41-30 last Sunday, lead the Baltimore Colts by an almost insurmountable three games, with six left to play.

There are three clear-cut favorites in the other divisions, but none is out of reach of contenders. On their performances to date, however, the Dallas Cowboys in the Capitol, the Cleveland Browns in the Century and the Minnesota Vikings in the Central should go on to win division championships. All four division leaders are sound, deep and talented, but the Cowboys probably are most richly endowed with exceptional players.

The Browns, who thrashed Dallas in Cleveland two weeks ago, have improved steadily since the season began—except for last week's understandable letdown, a 51-3 whomping by the Vikings—and approach the excellence Coach Blanton Collier anticipated during preseason training. Cleveland was hampered early by major injuries to Defensive Tackle Jim Kanicki, Cornerback Ben Davis and Strong Safety Ernie Kellermann. Kanicki broke his leg in the final exhibition game. Kellermann suffered a broken thumb, which kept him out of three games, and Davis underwent knee surgery and has been lost for the season. Kanicki should be back soon. Meanwhile Marvin Upshaw, a second-year defensive end, whose brother Gene plays for Oakland, has done reasonably well filling in for him. "He has been up and down," Collier says of Upshaw. "I'd say he's been pretty good. A new man at a new position is bound to make mistakes, but I believe he'll come along well."

Two rookies have filled in for the injured defensive backs, Walt Sumner for Davis and Freddie Summers for Kellermann. Sumner suffered the rookie blues in a 21-21 tie with St. Louis, but bounced back against Dallas. Summers now has been replaced by Kellermann, but Freddie showed fine speed and a liking for contact in the three full games he played and he gives the Browns useful depth in their secondary.

Despite inexperienced hands, the Cleveland defense had been redoubtable until last Sunday. Tom Landry, the Cowboy coach, characterized it pretty well the other day, when he said, "It's like a rubber band. It gives but seldom breaks."

Offensively, the Browns have a fine line, which is probably a bit better at protecting Quarterback Bill Nelsen than at opening holes for as good a set of running backs as there are in the league—Leroy Kelly, Reece Morrison and No. 1 draft choice Ron Johnson. The latter has improved his blocking, but a recent ankle injury has been a handicap to him while carrying the ball.

With the almost impenetrable protection usually afforded Nelsen (he was sacked only eight times in the first seven games), he has blossomed as a passer, and the early return of Tight End Milt Morin, who was operated on for a herniated spinal disk in June, has pumped even more life into the passing attack, which also features Paul Warfield and the reliable Gary Collins. Morin was awarded the game ball after Cleveland beat Dallas, but he promptly handed it over to Dr. Malcolm Brahms, the orthopedic specialist who performed his operation.

Undoubtedly, the Browns' finest game was the 42-10 win over Dallas. (Curiously, the Cowboys have only won one of the nine games they have played in Cleveland.) "I guess the players just got



But Minnesota snapped it last Sunday beating the Browns 51–3, as Dave Osborn (41) led the rushers and Joe Kapp (11) threw for three scores

filled up reading and hearing about Dallas," Collier said last week. "They got to the point where they wanted to go out and prove something. You just can't keep hearing those things without some reaction. We played well and met good fortune halfway." Alas, the Browns apparently hadn't heard of Minnesota.

Tex Schramm, the president of the Cowboys, had another theory about the Brown game. "You hear a lot about our being flat," he said. "I don't think that's true. I think we came up with a normal effort and hit a team keyed for a super effort. For some reason our players don't respect Cleveland enough. Then we got behind and had to play catch-up and never could regain our poise."

Whatever the explanation, and despite the Viking drubbing, the Browns are easily the class of the Century Division. With the St. Louis Cardinals inconsistent and New York and Pittsburgh out of their depth, Cleveland's future in its own division is about as bright as it could be, only the outlook for the Rams shines—theoretically—more strongly.

Los Angeles, undefeated in eight games, is a shoo-in. The Rams are rather a different team from the other three leaders, all of whom are workmanlike, efficient, tough machines. The Rams have defects that might be fatal to other clubs but, under the emotional—and inspirational—leadership of Coach George Allen, they overcome their shortcomings, often with spirit, and some of their strengths are potent enough to offset or conceal weaknesses.

The best example of this is the Ram defensive line of Deacon Jones, Merlin Olsen, Roger Brown or Coy Bacon, and Diron Talbert. The original Fearsome Foursome was broken up with the loss of injured Lamar Lundy and with Bacon splitting time with Roger Brown, but the present combination is as good as or better than the original. Jones and Olsen are legitimate All-Pros, and a case could be made for either as the best at his position in pro football. Certainly they comprise the strongest side of a defensive line in the league.

Talbert and Bacon are young, strong and very quick and are almost as adept as Olsen and Jones at destroying an opposing passer. The bristling pass rush does much to relieve pressure on the Ram cornerbacks, who don't rate at the top of their profession. With a lesser line in front of them, Ron Smith and Clancy Williams would be victimized far more often than they are; indeed, on the rare occasions when the Ram front four is shut off, opposing passers pick on the corners.

The linebackers are good and react in a hurry, and the substitution of Doug Woodlief in the middle for the injured Myron Pottios adds speed to the unit and improves its performance against the pass. The Ram safeties—veterans Eddie Meador and Richie Petitbon—are both first-rate.

A revitalized running game animates the Ram offense, and here again a strength offsets a weakness. Although Billy Truax is a vastly underrated tight end, the wide receivers are only average, and the Ram passing game, despite Roman Gabriel's emergence as a topflight quarterback and passer, wouldn't strike fear in the hearts of many defensive backs if it was not coupled with a strong, versatile running attack.

For the first time in some years the Rams are blessed with several very good runners. Rookie Larry Smith, the 6′ 3″, 220-pound sprinter who was a No. 1 draft choice from Florida, has been all the Rams hoped for. He gives them both power and a wide threat, and Les Josephson, who missed last year with an injury, has regained his 1967 form. Tommy Mason, who ran in 1968 with both legs swathed in bandages to protect his creaky knees, has taken off the wraps and is running with his old abandon and remarkable balance and agility.

As long as the pass rush and running hold up, the Rams will continue to win, and there is no reason to believe they will slack off in either department. Moreover, they are so far in front in their division that Allen can rest his veterans when need be and develop his rookies so that they will be of real help in the playoffs. It is likely that the Rams will play Minnesota for the Western Conference title, and Allen will need all he can muster to beat the Vikings on Dec. 27 in the frozen (most probably) setting of Metropolitan Stadium.

The Vikings are one of the very few teams who can match the Ram front four with four studs of their own. Their Four Norsemen are as big and as quick

continued

as the Ram line and have sacked the quarterback more often. Overall, the Vikings' secondary is probably better than the Rams', and the Minnesota linebackers may have an edge, too.

Indeed, the Vikes may be the most consistent of the four top teams, as they proved rather conclusively last Sunday, when they scored the first nine times they had the ball and didn't punt until 49 seconds were left in the game. However, the 51-3 loss was no more indicative of the true difference between the clubs than Cleveland's big win over Dallas was a guarantee that the Browns will beat the Cowboys if they meet for the Eastern Conference title in Dallas.

After a startling loss to the New York Giants in the first game of the season, the Vikings have come on with each game. Joe Kapp, their quarterback, gains in confidence and effect every week as he becomes more adept at reading defenses and more accustomed to the moves of his receivers, principally Gene Washington, who caught three touchdown passes against the Browns. It is only now—2½ years after his emigration from the Canadian Football League—that Kapp gives you the feeling that he's at home in the NFL.

The return to full speed of Fullback Bill Brown, who had a bad ankle, and the continuing improvement of Dave Osborn, his running mate, has hyped up the Minnesota ground game, and the experience Clinton Jones picked up substituting for Brown has made him a valuable replacement.

Too, the Viking offensive line has jelled and now offers Kapp better protection than heretofore. The Vikings should continue to mature and improve. When they reach their showdown with Los Angeles they will have much more than a wintry clime going for them.



The heart (and soul) of the Ram defense is Deacon Jones, who weighs 250 but can almost fly.

Should Minnesota defeat the Rams on that occasion (a not unlikely occurrence, since the Rams have never been noted as a cold-weather club) the Vikings will have the same playing conditions in their favor on Jan. 4, when they would play either Dallas or Cleveland for the NFL title. The Cowboys have played in sub-zero weather before and lost (to Green Bay) and, in January, Cleveland is only minimally warmer than Bloomington, Minn.

This Cowboy team is probably better than the one Green Bay defeated for the title in 1966 and 1967 and the club Cleveland beat in the conference playoff last year. Dallas was humiliated in the 42–10 debacle, but it reacted with angry determination in the face of unjustified criticism by some Dallas sportswriters, who took the single defeat—after six wins—as if Dallas had blown the season. One writer even suggested that Tex Schramm might consider replacing Landry, which is inconceivable. The writer's theory was that the Cowboys are no longer in the building process, and Landry should be able to arouse them for games like the one with Cleveland. On that theory Collier, after this week, and Minnesota Coach Bud Grant, after the season opener, would be in jeopardy, too, but most owners realize it simply isn't possible to be up every Sunday.

Against the New Orleans Saints last Sunday the Cowboys played fitfully, but picked themselves up in the fourth quarter after the Saints had tied the game 17–17, and demonstrated all of their very considerable skills in winning 33–17.

Their passing attack wasn't quite as polished as it should have been, but that was because Craig Morton, who has more than filled the low-cuts of the retired Don Meredith, was off on his timing. Morton, a big, rugged quarterback in the mold of a Roman Gabriel, is a powerful and accurate passer under normal circumstances, but for the last four weeks he has had a slight shoulder separation and has been unable to throw as much in practice as he should or put as much on the ball as usual.

On Wednesday and Thursday of last week he was throwing as hard as ever, but his lack of practice was evident, and in the early going against the Saints his shots strayed. Once he missed Lance Rentzel in an open field, and twice underthrown balls were intercepted. As the game wore on, Morton's accuracy im-

continued

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SILVER COLLAR BADGES
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GOLD SASH
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METAL "BREASTPLATE"
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SPORRAN
Originally a leather wallet, worn suspended from the waistbelt to carry the day's ration. There are no pockets in the kilt

SWORD
With basket hilt. Worn at the belt, it is called in Gaelic the *claith veg*, (claybeg), or small sword, to distinguish it from the *claith mhor* (claymore), or great sword

KILT
Formerly in one piece with the shoulder plaid, but now worn separately. Highland regiments of the British Army wear the kilt

PLAID
means a garment, the main garment of early times, which was kilt and blanket-wrap all in one piece. Tartan is the characteristic cloth of Scotland, woven in stripes

HOSE TOPS
Gaelic name *caddis*, meaning striped

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proved and he threw to Mike Ditka for a big touchdown late in the game and hit Lance Rentzel on a long pass that set up another score

But the major difference in this team from those of years past is the addition of Calvin Hill, the massive Yale running back, who is reminiscent of Jim Brown but may be faster. Hill got one touchdown on a 30-yard sweep on which he used great balance, splendid fakes and the power innate in his 6′ 3″, 218-pound frame, breaking two tackles and teetering along the sideline to get the score. Later he broke three tackles on a 55-yard run to the Saints' 13-yard line, which set up the touchdown that put the Cowboys ahead to stay.

The addition of Hill provides Dallas with a solid running threat to the outside. After Hill's 55-yarder, Danny Reeves substituted for him and scored from the seven, an indication of the Cowboys' backfield depth. Reeves, of course, was the star runner (and option passer) of the 1967 team. He was injured in 1968 and, although he is healthy now, he can't dislodge Hill, who does everything Reeves did (Hill has completed all three of his passes, two for touchdowns) and is bigger and faster.

Bob Hayes has been slow regaining his timing and speed after missing four games with a shoulder separation, but he looked as good as ever against the Saints. His return makes Rentzel even more effective, since defenses can no longer double him on every play.

The Cowboy defense is built on the same cornerstone as that of the Rams and Vikings—an irresistible rush by a front four that forces incomplete passes and interceptions—and the Dallas linemen had courageous Billy Kilmer running for his life much of the afternoon.

With Morton and Hayes back at full speed and with their black Sunday behind them, Dallas seems a cinch to win the Capitol Division, Washington having dropped two full games back as a result of its 28–28 tie with Philadelphia. The Vikings can end the Central Division race early by beating Green Bay—which is sputtering with Bart Starr favoring an ailing passing arm—in Milwaukee this Sunday. Cleveland's rubber-band defense snapped last Sunday, but it will snap back—the Browns are the team of the Century. And, in the Coastal Division, the Rams are on the downslope and coasting. **END**

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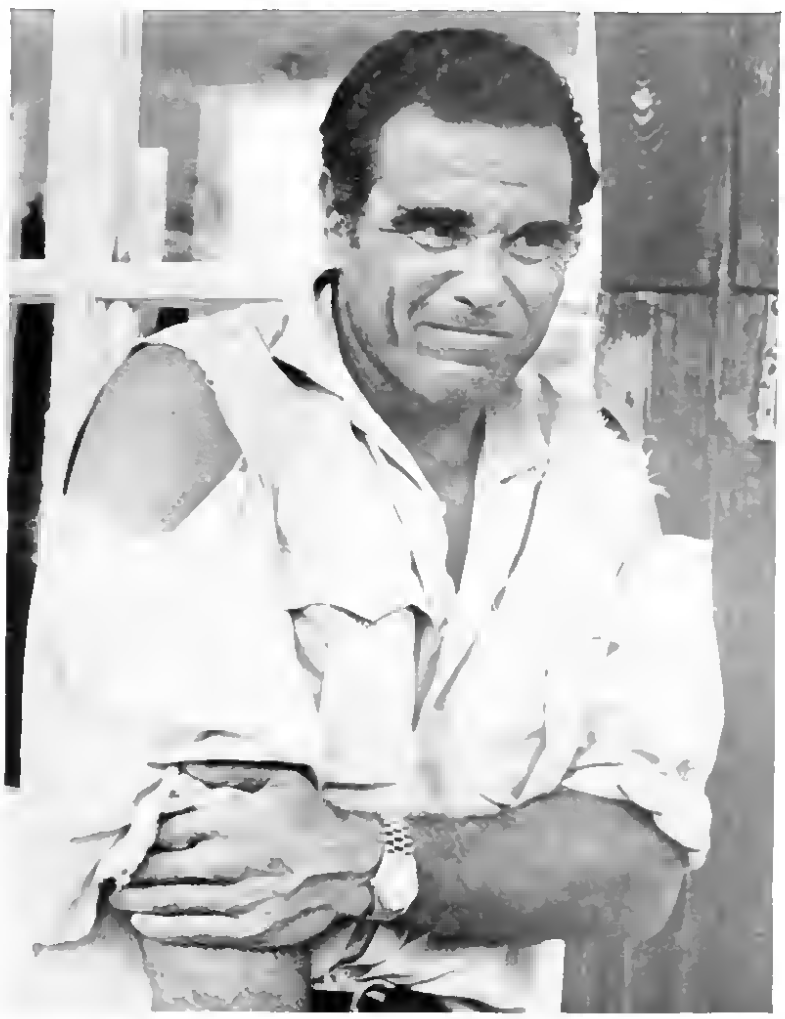
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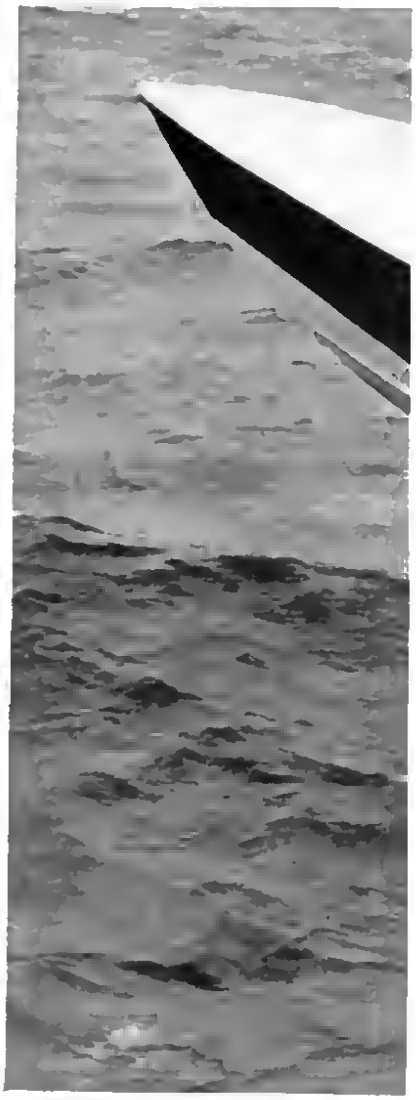
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Don Aronow hurts a little, but as the world's top ocean powerboat driver and builder he is never bored ***by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM***



ARONOW GRIMACES AT PAIN OF ARM INJURY AFTER HIS CLASSIC BAHAMAS 500 WIN



Don Aronow, the world champion ocean powerboat racer, has two nicknames. The Animal and The Czar. The first was conferred on him by his fellow racers for the lionlike way in which he drives small boats over big seas. The second reflects his eminence as a builder of racing boats. The American offshore champion for the third straight year and holder of the world title for the second time in three years—all in hulls of his own design—Aronow cracks other people's records and his own bones with equal élan. "There is something about myself and the ocean," he says. "I respect it, but I'm not afraid of it. When I get out there, I want to dominate it."

Aronow performed his animal act for the final time this year in last week's Miami-Key West race and, with a typical win-or-bust flourish, surged into a widening lead before a blown water pump forced him out. It was a heady if anticlimactic, finish to a season in which



Aronow campaigned tirelessly in both Europe and the U S won an unprecedented eight out of 12 races and in Italy's Viareggio-Bastia race last July roared over the 214-mile course in a world-record average of 74 3 mph

Until this year just about the only offshore prize to elude Aronow was the Bahamas 500, a 542-mile gut check out among the cays and cuts of the Bahama Islands He had finished runner-up in the first 500, held in 1967, as trying conditions forced all but 16 of the 63 starters to drop out along the way Last year he became ill on the eve of the race and had to be flown to Miami, where he was hospitalized for a stomach injury suffered in a boating accident a month earlier

No sooner did Aronow arrive in the Bahamas for this year's 500 than he fell ill again. On race morning he had a fever of 101°—a trifle to Aronow but a matter of possible concern to his wife Shirley Leaving her asleep in their motel room, he sneaked out to the starting line and grabbed the controls of his remarkable boat *The Cigarette* When Aronow found himself falling behind the leaders he veered from the prescribed course and boldly feverishly, one might say—took a shortcut through a treacherous, rock-strewn cay He went on to win by a scant six feet over Mel Riggs at the astonishing average speed of 64 523 miles an hour

By such exploits Aronow not only has emerged as the king—czar, if you like—of powerboat racing but also has found a powerful antidote to boredom in these, his retirement years. A former chief lifeguard at Coney Island who made a pile as a New Jersey homebuilder, Aronow decided at age 34 to stop building and start playing in the Florida sun That is when he began playing with boats Today, at 42, he is a big (6' 3", 210 pounds), duskily handsome, thick-browed man who enjoys the good life but chooses to spice it with a bit of speed and danger

"I'm a charger," he says with a shrug "I go all out in whatever I do I like to compete, but I also like to do well in what I'm competing in At my age there are few other sports I could do as well in But in ocean racing you can let the engines do the work that your legs and arms used to do, and you can compete successfully against men who are much younger Experience and desire, those are the equalizers."

Experience, desire—and an attention to details that drives his more happy-go-lucky competitors up the wall "In getting ready for a race," he says, "you have to check the boat over, recheck it and then check it again, and then when you're all through you have to check it one more time So many little things can go wrong. I want everything to be perfect when the race begins I like to get into the boat and go"

continued



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Sometimes Aronow checks the little details right out into the Gulf Stream, which can be treacherous in any season. He and Crewman Knocky House went out one spring day last year for a test run in a 27-foot Magnum. Wearing neither racing helmets nor life jackets, they were churning along at 60 mph when the boat suddenly submarined into heavy seas. The impact sent Aronow crashing against House, knocking them both out. Knocky suffered a concussion. Aronow, who, among other things, had slammed into the wheel, wound up with gashes on his legs, abdominal injuries and chest pains that turned out to be a cracked sternum.

When Aronow came to, the boat was creeping along at 10 mph. Aronow lay flat on his back watching the clouds drift by as he slowly regained his wits.

"Want to try again?" he asked Knocky, who by then had regained consciousness also.

"Let's go," said House.

Since offshore racing rules prevent Aronow from risking his neck solitarily (each boat must contain at least two men), it is not surprising that there is occasionally some resistance when Don goes looking for crewmen. "Going out in a boat with Aronow isn't the healthiest thing you can do," confirms Mark (Big Dirty) Raymond, a Hollywood, Fla. fireman, ocean driver and sometime motorcycle racer who owes his nickname either to his knack for getting covered with oil during races (his version) or to his disdain for racing etiquette (a rival's version). "You go down inside the hull to fix a fuel line or something during a race, and Aronow isn't able to see you or hear you. You're bouncing around down there, but he never slows down. The guy is all go. He wants to win, and you can't blame him for that. It's just not very healthy, that's all."

"The other guy in the boat is completely reliant on you," Aronow concedes. "You've got your hands on the wheel and the throttle, and you can anticipate the waves, but the other guy is at your mercy. The question is how far will you push the boat and whether you'll take a chance of hurting somebody. That can be a tough decision to make.

"I guess I've hurt a lot of people in boats. I've broken Skitch Carroll's ribs, and I've broken Dave Stirrat's nose, and there was the time I hit a wake while Stu Jackson was lying on the engine, and he hurt his back pretty badly. I wouldn't take my son out in a race with me, because I wouldn't want to take the same chance with him that I would take with myself. You have to find somebody who feels the same way about racing as you do."

Aronow's favorite partner in recent years, and one who meets his exacting demands, has been House, a short, sturdy firepling of a man who wastes few words and puts the energy thus conserved to good use, having in the course of a variegated career been a wrestler, a lacrosse player, a 12-year Navy man and a motorcycle racer. "Knocky's a charger like I am," Aronow says. "Whether during a race or in a strange bar or a strange country, I know I can count on him."

As Aronow's shotgun-riding mechanic, navigator and general troubleshooter, House enjoys a certain job security, since most others in his line feel that one or two rides with Aronow will suffice a lifetime.

Another man who has ridden with Aronow—once—is Allan Brown, president of Miami's Nova Marine Company. Brown blithely accompanied him on the 1966 Houston Channel Derby, which has the reputation of being a calm-weather race. What Brown failed to take into account were the huge wakes that oil tankers and oceangoing tugs churn up in Galveston Bay's ship channel.

"Going over those wakes was just awful," Brown recalls. "We were jumping so fantastically high in the air that it seemed we could have flown over the tankers themselves. We were running second when we hit some really incredible waves, and that crazy Aronow never let go of the throttle. Within the space of three or four miles we went from a mile behind to a mile ahead. And that was going out in the channel. Coming back, jumping those wakes from the other direction was even worse. We were flying 100 feet out of the water."

"We won a real good trophy," Aronow says.

Such escapades are a test of equipment as well as men, and Aronow has met the need for fast, durable boats with his usual directness—by building them himself. Over the past six years he has founded three different boatbuilding firms—Formula, Donzi and Magnum—and used them to develop some of the hottest hulls afloat. When it suited his

continued

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mood, he calmly sold each of the companies at a nice profit. Building boats for his own needs has helped Aronow win races. The rigors of racing, in turn, have suggested ways of building better boats. Working basically with standard deep-V racing hulls, Aronow and the designers he has teamed with—notably Jim Wynne, Walt Walters and Peter Guerke—have been responsible for many small but important refinements that have made boats lighter and faster, yet still rugged enough for offshore racing.

In the nautical version of natural selection, a boat that can endure an ocean race is presumed to be capable of withstanding anything that a weekend sailor might do to it. Until he sold off Magnum last year, Aronow thus enjoyed much the same kind of far-ranging influence on the evolution of powerboat hulls that Mercury motors' Carl Kiekhaefer, whose formidable MerCruisers are used by most top ocean drivers (including Aronow), has long exercised on the development of marine engines.

Although production-model Formulas, Donzis and Magnums continue to sell briskly among the pleasure-boat crowd, only Magnums still appear with any regularity in major offshore races. The most popular racing hulls nowadays are the 32-foot, deep-V speedsters built by Miami's Bertram Yacht company, whose president, Peter Rittmaster, is a hot ocean racer. Aronow, one of the few racers who does not drive a Bertram ("I want to give Peter a goal in life," he explains), utilizes a pair of identical 32-footers built to his specifications by Miami's Cary Marine, Inc. Both are called *The Cigarette* after a celebrated Prohibition-era hijacking boat of that name, and Aronow runs one in Europe, the other in the U.S.

Aronow's sales agreement with Magnum (an accord currently entangled in litigation) constrains him from going back into boatbuilding until next spring. In the meantime, his influence may be seen everywhere. Rittmaster, for example, got into racing at the helm of a Donzi borrowed from Aronow three years ago. Italy's Vincenzo Balestrieri took the world championship away from Aronow last year in a 28-foot Magnum Don sold him. (This year Balestrieri is racing a Bertram.)

And then there is Bill Wishnick, another of the top drivers, but one who had never raced at all when he approached Aronow at the New York Boat Show in 1963. "Mr. Aronow," Wishnick said, "I'm interested in buying a boat." Aronow accommodated him first with a 23-foot Formula and later with a 28-foot Donzi. "I was a married, out-of-shape, middle-aged businessman," recalls Wishnick, board chairman of New York's Witco Chemical Company. "Now I'm divorced, an ocean racer and a swinger. Seeing Don was the best thing that ever happened to me."

Aronow's reputation for exuberant behavior ashore and afloat is well grounded in fact. ("I wonder," says his 16-year-old daughter Claudia, "what Daddy will be when he grows up.") Who but Aronow would have barged into a formal banquet in a Jamaica hotel on horseback? Who else would have starred in the following true-life vignette of marine life. Aronow was a guest on the yacht of a European sportsman whose wife, suspecting the man of keeping a mistress, unexpectedly arrived on board. The European went ashore in a hurry, leaving Aronow to placate her. This involved relieving her of a .38 pistol. When Aronow flung it into the water, the woman jumped overboard, whereupon a crewman went over the side to rescue her.

Says Aronow: "I'm thinking, 'How did I get involved in this?' It's like an Italian movie. Suddenly I realize this crewman can't swim. He's floundering. So I dive in and get the woman aboard. I look back and the crewman is still struggling. Nobody makes any move to save him, so I jump back in and bring him out, too."

The experience amounted to something of a refresher course for Aronow, who, in his Coney Island days, gained a reputation for saving people from drowning almost before they had a chance to get wet. The son of a New York businessman who had lost everything in the Depression, Aronow attended the Merchant Marine Academy during World War II, afterward became a seaman and sailed to Europe, Africa and South America in Liberty ships.

At Brooklyn College, which he attended both before and after his voyages as a seaman, Aronow won seven varsity letters as a football end, a trackman (hammer and shotput) and a heavyweight wrestler who knew only two holds but, as he recalls, "made up for

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it by being aggressive." It was during his second Brooklyn College hitch that Aronow married Shirley Goldin, who had caught his eye on the beach at Coney Island.

To support her, Aronow began trading in war surplus goods. In 1950 he became a field superintendent for Shirley's brothers, who were in the construction business in Northern New Jersey. Striking out on his own 18 months later, Aronow reportedly made his first million by the time he was 28.

A New Jersey community magazine said Aronow "moves too fast for the public to evaluate his incredible career." By the time the article appeared, Aronow recalls, he had become bored with building "one house after another" and had "retired" to Florida.

Today Aronow lives at Coral Gables in a spacious, Spanish-style dwelling overlooking Biscayne Bay. His 2½ acres are adorned with palm trees, orange trees, lemon trees, lime trees. Parked in the driveway are the family's Rolls-Royce, Mercedes 280 and Cadillac Eldorado. Out behind the house, Higgins, a bullterrier, stands guard over the swimming pool. He is a powerful but gentle animal whose only known act of ferocity was to bite the ear of a neighbor's Irish Setter that encroached too far onto his territory. When the neighbor called to complain that the ear was mangled, Aronow offered, in the interest of symmetry, to send Higgins over to bite the other ear.

After a particularly grueling race, Aronow nurses his wounds in front of a television set, reduced to the kind of utter helplessness that seems to afflict men of action. "Hey, Shirley," he calls. "Bring me a heating pad, will you?"

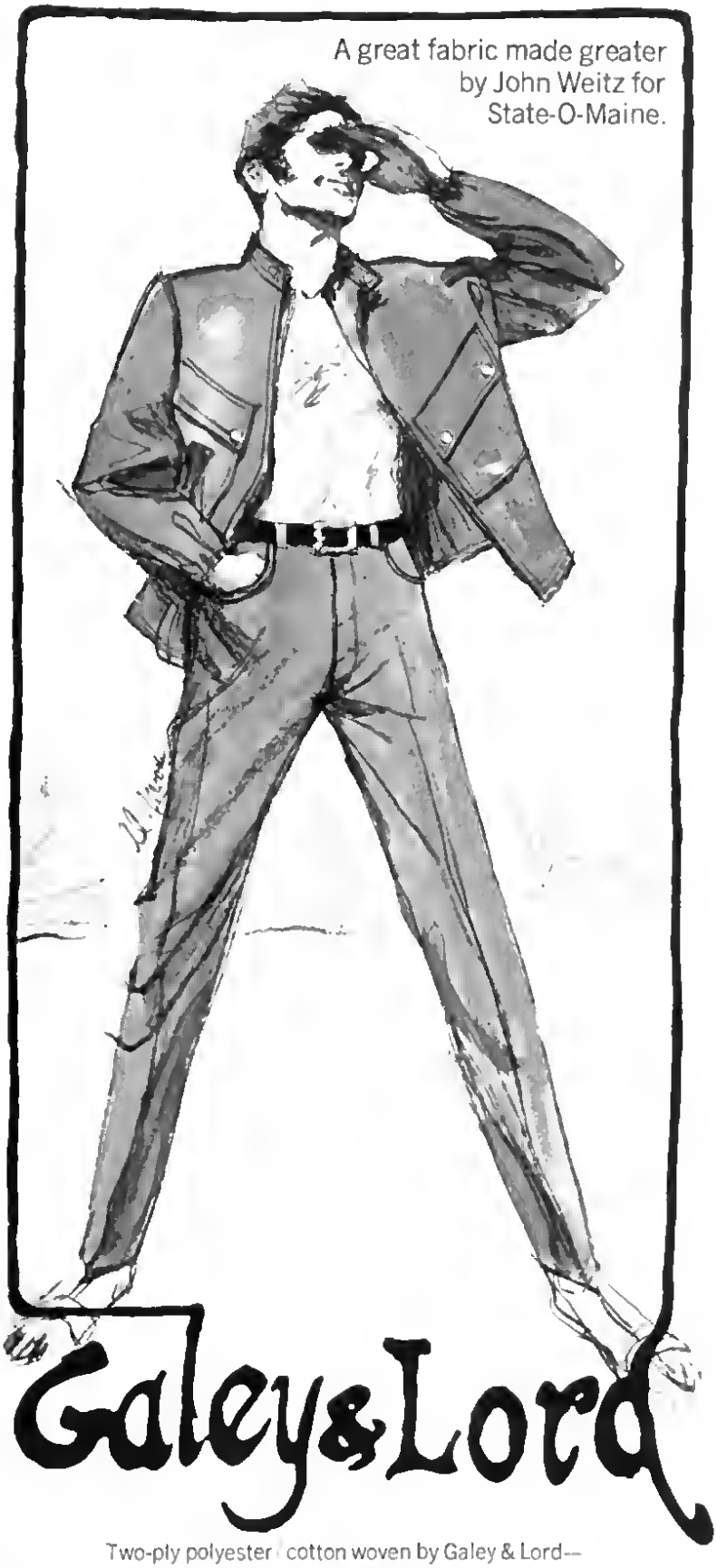
"I'm busy," his wife answers. "Can you get it yourself?"

Silence. "Well, where is it?" Don finally asks.

"In the linen closet."

Longer silence. "Where's the linen closet?"

A few years ago a hurricane roared along the Florida coast, sending water seeping into the Aronow home. Don and Shirley mopped it up with bath towels. Don's idea of wringing out a towel, it developed, was to press it against the sink as hard as he could. The next day a relative called to ask if the family had suffered any hurricane damage. "Only a broken sink," said Shirley. END



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ITALY: Our Country Is a Castle

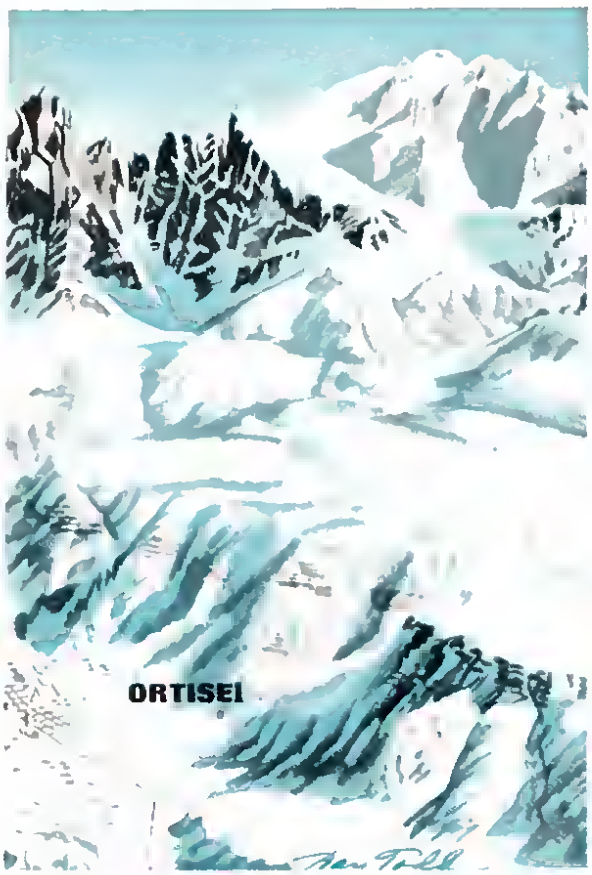


The place is so perfect in its high mountain setting that the people who live there consider it their own little kingdom. They speak a different language from their countrymen down in Milan and Rome, and for years nobody cared that few outsiders came around. In fact, old-timers insist that when the first skier came galumphing over the Passo Sella in 1894 and looked down into Val Gardena, the locals all figured that the Devil had come to pay a call.

Not too much has changed since then. True, there are now more than 85 cable cars and lifts strung across the surrounding slopes and a devil of a lot more skiers come every season. There are 11,500 beds for rent, and someone figured out that in 1968 the area experienced 874,000 tourist-nights, whatever a tourist-night is. But Val Gardena is so monumentally isolated up there on the sharp, ragged top of the Dolomites that it still wears that undiscovered look.

This is the ski world's bonus this season, since Italy is where the action will be. Italian skiing has always had a special feel to it anyway, more relaxed and well fed, with none of the hup-hup discipline of the rest of Europe. But the crowds who have already found Cortina now have a new place to discover, a vast hideaway with crazy slopes and a casual air.

The timing is right: the 1970 FIS world ski championships will come in February, bringing an invasion of excitement and glamour—enough to add extra splash, but not enough to stand the place on its bucolic ear. Perhaps the chief reason is that Val Gardena is not precisely a ski town or resort; it is more a fine Italian state of mind, made up of three small villages—



Ortisei, S. Cristina and Selva—that spread along the valley floor. The name Val Gardena, by an ancient translation, means "pasture near a wood," and it covers a lot of pasture land.

The centuries of isolation and all those wars between the Germanic tribes to the north and Latins on the south have left the place with a language all its own, called Ladin, and a people who are quietly proud to belong to the valley, not the country. In fact, Val Gardena may be the only ski area in the world where the communities all have at least two names, which adds a dash of confused charm to the scene. Ortisei, for example, also is St. Ulrich and in Ladin it's Urtijei. Nearby, the town of Selva also is Selva in Ladin, becomes Wolkenstein in German and uses both names interchangeably.

But no matter what they call the place, the skiing has been there all along. The Italians, never known to turn aside a cliché, call the Dolomites their Mountains of Light, the Enchanted Mountains and the Magical Mountains, all of which—however full of Bolognese it may sound—are applicable in Val Gardena.

Fine ski runs abound on all sides, more than 75 miles of major trails fanning out for this season's travelers to discover. Here one can start the day with a "coretto" for courage (a heady mixture of coffee and grappa), then try such slopes as the Forcella del Sasso Lungo—where you can see the world spread out in wide screen—or the Val de Mesdi, so steep at the top (a 4,000-foot drop in two miles) that you jump right out of your socks to make a turn. There are others: the Monte de Seura run; the Passo Sella, which has skiing to suit all abilities; and the Carousel, on which you can ski

continued

40 miles all around the Gruppo del Sella, roughly like taking a long traverse around Colorado.

All of it—the superb runs, the people, the settings—fits into the overall European ski picture for 1969-70. The wise traveler first will see Cortina, where folks swing and ski in roughly equal proportions, then Val Gardena, with its air of easy living. There will be new touches just for this year—torchlight parades, world class skiers and ceremonies. And old touches that are always there: oompah bands and beer; postcard architecture out of the past. The atmosphere is one of happy seclusion in a high kingdom all its own. And at the drop of a cannelloni, any good Val Gardenan will recite a stanza of an old valley poem that tells it all:

> Our country is a castle of hard rock
> Made with love and care by God
> Who has placed us, the Ladins,
> As guardians between the Germans
> and the Italians;
> Yes, we are Ladin, and remain Ladin!

ITALY: SPLASH OF COLOR IN A SPARKLING SKI SETTING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNST HAAS

Italian skiing is as much mood as it is mountain—a blaze of color, beautiful girls, sunny days, splendid wine—and 1969-70, with world championship crowds, promises to be a vintage year. Even Emilio Pucci, that eminent Florentine, has turned his talents and rich palette from bikinis and palazzo pajamas to ski wear, producing the sort of styles that will bring new spark to the scene—a fine touch since color fits the Italian way of life. The new season's special look, starting with sportswoman-skier Astrid Schiller sunning in a silk Pucci parka at right, to the people at play against the backdrops of Cortina and Val Gardena on the pages that follow, reflects this Italian mood. —Jule Campbell





Poised to ski the Cortina country, Italian Princess Cristiana Windisch-Graetz wears the sleek look of a downhill expert (which she is) Pucci's own pink fitted wool gabardine jump suit.

There is a slight touch of military styling in her two-piece stretch wool suit—although ski troops have never had it so good—and for FIS spectating Astrid prefers a fat and fancy fur.





The parka is unmistakably Pucci—he does his geometric thing with a bold new pattern—and, for a luxurious touch, prints it on soft velveteen, nicely lined for warmth and hooded against wind.

On the top of Italy, at the lonely Rifugio Monte Lagazuoi overlooking Cortina, Pucci collector Benedetta Barzini goes hiking in the designer's new fitted tunic and tops it off with a scarf.





Contrast between the new and old worlds: Benedetta—whose father, Luigi Barzini, wrote "The Italians"—strolls outside Cortina church in sable cap and brightly patterned ski parka.





Presiding over the playground of Italian skiing is the stately 18th century Santi Filippo e Giacomo church, whose 250-foot tower is a landmark in the middle of modern-day Cortina.





The 1970 scene: Italy's ski team swings on the Monte de Seura trail under the Sasso Lungo massif—and, in town, torchlight paraders will lead the way to the FIS medal-awarding ceremonies.



On the ride to the Passo Sella, where there is a ski run for every ability, the bucket lifts rise in a steady line while Val Gardena below and the far Dolomites beyond offer a panorama.

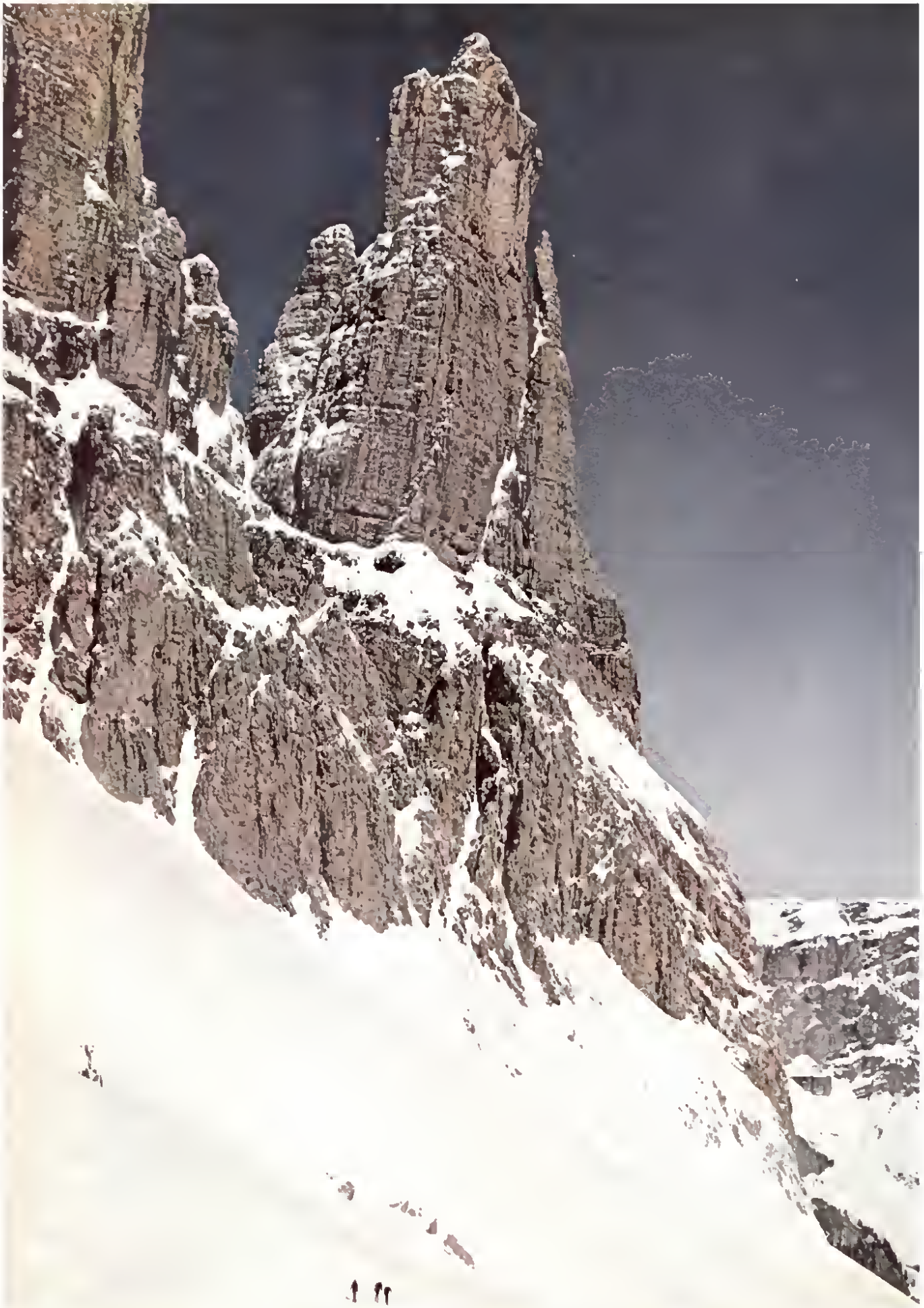




The other half of Italy's skiing sister-princesses, Massimiliana (far left), goes racing in Pucci's turquoise jump suit and adds the newest touch on the winter scene white leather ski gloves.

High on Italy's slopes, skiers run a ragged mountain gateway on the twisting trail down to Val Gardena (left). Their reward: a real oldtime parade through Ortisei with an oompah band.





Italy: Sites to See, Places to Play

The Val de Mesdi, one of Val Gardena's most spectacular ski runs, starts in a high mountain notch and surges down to the valley beside jagged peaks that stand as sentinels along the way.

It took the ancient Romans a few centuries to figure out that the way into Val Gardena lies through a narrow, five-mile canyon that serves as a gateway. The old Ponte Gardena is still the best way in, although the going is a lot easier this century; Milan on the Italian side and Munich on the German side are the jumping-off spots. From Milan a snappy train service runs to Bolzano (a five-hour trip through spectacular scenery for $8.80), where you transfer to a bus (75c) for the last hour's ride into Ortisei, considered the principal village in the valley. From the Munich side the train chuffs over the Brenner Pass to Bolzano in 4½ hours—an $11 trip and an unforgettable ride. Along the top of the Dolomites, Val Gardena and Cortina are 40 miles apart, roughly two hours by car or bus.

WHERE TO STAY: The latest count lists 110 hotels and pensions in the three villages. Selva's new luxury-class Hotel Aaritz will charge top rates: $20 a day per person, double room with bath—but that includes three fattening meals. More typical rates are $9.25 a day at the Hotel Interski in S. Cristina and $6.50 a day for clean, comfortable quarters—American plan—in most of the pensions. Those who want to see world ski champions in action should plan to visit the valley from Feb 7 to 15, but reservations for any time during the season may be made through Global Ski Tours, 11753 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 90025, and U.S. Ski Corporation, 21 East 40th St., New York City 10016. Since this will be Italy's big season, reserving early is suggested.

WHERE TO PLAY: Italians call it their ski circus, since the countryside is all interconnected by lifts, and skiing 30 miles a day—on slopes all around the valley—is considered routine. Val de Mesdi on the Gruppo del Sella and the Forcella del Sasso Lungo on the Sasso Lungo mountains are the toughest runs, but for the less accomplished there are more than 75 miles of color-coded trails serving expert to intermediate, plus a vast, 20-square-mile upland pasture called Alpe di Siusi for everybody. Lift tickets are sold in point books; one book costs 4,500 lire (about $7.25) and will last the average skier two or three days.

Playing by night is pretty relaxed. Since most tourists eat in their hotels or pensions, dining-out spots are limited. But after several resident meals loaded with such starchy staples as pasta and potatoes, you can escape for an evening to the Grill Room at Ortisei's Hotel Posta. It serves the most expensive meals in the valley—$3.25 per person—but the décor, like an oldtime paneled private railroad car, is worth it. The Trauber beer house on the town's main stem is more typically Val Gardenan, serving a fine, powerful local beer (with bratwurst for 15¢), plus plenty of singing and stamping of feet. The Chamin is the town's most elegant spot for dancing; a four-piece band murders all the old songs and drinks cost $1.65 each. For discothèquers there is the Stua Rezia, a cozy, dark cellar. In Selva one can dine out at Il Tetto and everybody goes dancing in the big main hallway of the old Hotel Gran Baita—Busby Berkeley would have choreographed the scene just like that.

WHERE TO BUY: The new Pucci ski wear shown on the cover and on these pages is available in the U.S. by special order through Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, allowing four to six weeks for delivery. On the way to Val Gardena, the Pucci look may be found at his boutiques in Rome, Florence, Milan and Venice. The knee-high fur boots by Calida are sold in leading Italian ski shops. The glasses and goggles by Baruffaldi and the leather gloves by Molinari are available in both the U.S. and Italy.

—Felicia Lee

Arkansas gets set for its one-game season

To the undefeated Rezorbacks, the Baylors, Rices and Tulsas of September, October and November are merely tune-ups for their December showdown against second-ranked Texas **by DAN JENKINS**

To the Arkansas football fan, everything that comes before the Texas game for a long time now has been just so much catfish and strawberry shortcake. Just a lot of yawning and mild throat-clearing as the Tulsas and Oklahoma States struggle by, and then as the poor old Southwest Conference victims are laid to rest. It has been especially so this season since the Texas game was put off until Dec 6 for the benefit of national television. The Razorbacks won't know exactly how good they are until that day in the Ozarks because they keep doing things like last week: sleepwalking to a 30–6 victory over the Rice Owls. So here is Arkansas 7-0 and up there in the rankings as usual but as mystified about themselves as they could possibly be. If the Razorbacks can beat Texas, well, then Frank Broyles and everyone else in Arkansas will be prepared to say that this is the school's best team ever.



BILL MONTGOMERY OOZES CONFIDENCE

But if they lose the one they're building toward, then it will be an 0-1 year and thank goodness Bill Montgomery and most of the rest are only juniors. Normally, the Texas game comes rather early, in mid-October, at such a point that the loser has plenty of time to recover and the winner can start hollering about the unfairness of the polls. But it is as quiet in Austin as it is in the Ozarks because both powers are marking time, trying to get down to the day with the perfect records that were expected of them in the summer. That Arkansas seems to be having a tougher time of it week by week than Texas would indicate that the Longhorns are ponderously superior, but any grizzled old Arkansas-Texas watcher knows better. They will go into the big game dead even and most likely the fumble, the interception or the punt return will decide it. Same as always.

After six games, last week finally was supposed to provide some sort of clue to their relative strengths. Arkansas was down in warm Houston to play a team Texas smothered 31–0, while Texas was at home in Austin to receive a sad Baylor team that Arkansas on a bad night had whipped 21–7. Little was actually proved, but if there was an edge, it went to Texas. Arkansas fans, wearing their red hats and coats in Rice Stadium, were amazed to hear on portable radios that Texas' ground game was grinding up Baylor by 56–14 with just about everybody but Luci Nugent getting into the game. And while they listened, they were obliged to watch their Razorbacks look as sluggish as they possibly could and still win handily.

Not so long ago a 30–6 victory would not have been considered such a disappointment, but that was before Texas got into the scoring battle and began running up even more lopsided margins. Of course, it is a bit of a mystery why Arkansas has had such trouble with a few of its victims. That Baylor team that Texas trampled last week, for example. A few weeks ago Arkansas found itself tied 7–7 with the Bears through three quarters until Montgomery pulled it out with a couple of long ones to Chuck Dicus. Arkansas trailed both TCU and Texas A&M before coming on to win with a certain amount of ease. Rice was even tied with the Razorbacks until deep in the second quarter last week as a young black quarterback for the Owls, Stahle Vincent, did a lot of skittering about, causing Broyles' shirttail to flop out in its usual fashion.

What makes Arkansas a good team, surely capable of beating Texas or anyone else on the right kind of day, is Quarterback Bill Montgomery. He pilots perhaps the most varied offense in the country, and his arm, whether dropping back or doing the old Mississippi sprintout, is a cannon. He's an alert youth, one who oozes good cheer, meets everyone naturally and almost backslappingly, a junior so confident and hip he actually scares a few grown-ups.

"He sees things and he sees between things," says one of the Arkansas newspapermen. "He's remarkable. You'd think he was a coach. You can imagine him running an investment company or his own TV show. Why, Bill could write my story for me. One of his problems has been staying humble."

Montgomery's best friend is also his best receiver, Dicus, another alert, handsome junior, one considered to be something of a ladies' man, and one who might also wear his sideburns longer if Broyles didn't have the mid-ear rule. Montgomery and Dicus are a cou-

continued

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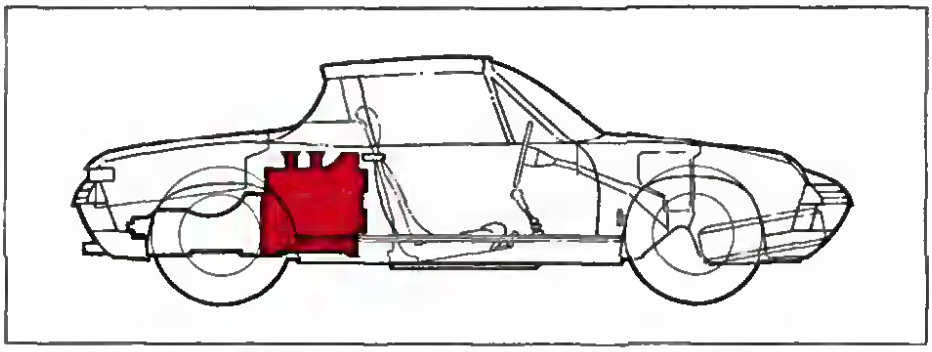
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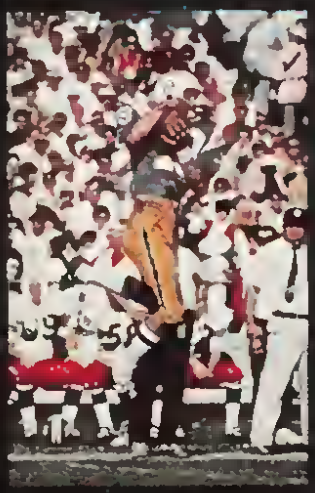


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ple of foreigners in the Ozarks, like a few other of the top Razorbacks. They come from suburbs of Dallas where they competed against each other in high school.

When big plays are needed, the Montgomery-to-Dicus pass is ordinarily what Broyles orders. It was a 73-yarder that broke up the TCU game, a 48-yarder that broke up the Baylor game, an 11-yarder that broke up the A&M game and an 18-yarder that broke up the Rice game last Saturday. Dicus, a smooth-gaited split end with a marvelous touch, is to receiving what Montgomery is to passing—just the best that Arkansas has ever had.

Among the reasons why it might be difficult for Montgomery to remain humble is that Bobby Layne once said he was the finest high school passer he had ever seen. Another reason is that when he was being recruited, Alabama put real heat on him, trying to win him away from Arkansas. When he visited Tuscaloosa, he was invited up on Bear Bryant's tower one afternoon. Afterward he was told by a splendid actor of an assistant coach, "Bill, do you realize that you are the first recruit to be asked up on that tower since Joe Namath?" Some of the other reasons Montgomery may have trouble keeping his feet on the ground are that in the off season he has found himself being invited into the company of wealthy Arkansas rooters for hunting, fishing and golf and general loitering around boardrooms of banks.

With Montgomery now fully recovered from an early season rib bruise, there can be no question that this is probably Arkansas' best offensive unit since Broyles has been coaching in Fayetteville, winning or tying for six Southwest championships, and taking a piece of one national title in 1964. The pro set of Broyles spreads out a defense, and there are other good receivers besides Dicus for Montgomery to throw to. Bill can run some if he has to, but he has two fiercely hungry ballcarriers in Bill Burnett and Bruce Maxwell, who kill a defense on counters and traps. They've gained 615 and 462, respectively, this season, while Montgomery, despite his injury, has thrown for 57 completions, 785 yards and six touchdowns.

Time is on Arkansas' side so far as the Texas game is concerned. Even Broyles admits that Texas might have won if the game had fallen on the same date as in the past. But each week the Arkansas juniors learn something more about themselves. Slowly it is all coming together. The team remains low-key as opposed to the zip-zip fanatics of the past. But it is wonderfully versatile and as it proved against Rice, it does what it has to do to win. It muddles through, scoring a dreadful 30 points.

What it comes down to is that Arkansas' season starts and ends on the same day, Dec. 6, after which Bill Montgomery may not have to be humble anymore. **END**

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by WILLIAM F. REED

SOUTH

1. TENNESSEE (7-0)
2. LSU (7-1)
3. AUBURN (6-2)

An Auburn fan, appalled at the way the Tigers have been butchering opponents, dashed off a letter to Coach Shug Jordan imploring him to please show a little mercy and stop scoring so many points. Apparently neither Jordan nor the writer's fellow inhabitants of Cliff Hare Stadium are nearly so compassionate, for even before the Tigers had finished their 52-13 murder of Mississippi State, the chant "Beat 'Bama, Beat 'Bama" was already rolling through the stands.

Auburn probably will not run up the score against Alabama two weeks hence, nor are the Tigers likely to rout Georgia this Saturday in Athens. But the drubbing of Mississippi State—the school's third 50-point game of the season—did enable the Tigers to become the highest scorers in Jordan's 19 years at Auburn (298 points), besides putting them only 20 points shy of the alltime school record in 1920. As much as John Riley's kicking or Pat Sullivan's passing, the Auburn defense is responsible for the big scores. Against State, for instance, the Tigers intercepted four of Tommy Pharr's passers to set an SEC season record of 30, besides blocking a punt for another TD. One of the interceptions belonged to Safety Buddy McClinton, giving him 16 for his career, a school record.

At Tiger Stadium in Baton Rouge, LSU fans whooped it up while their Tigers beat Alabama 20-15—their first victory over the Tide in 11 years and the first time one of Paul Bryant's pupils (LSU Coach Charlie McClendon played for him at Kentucky) has beaten the Bear in a regular-season game. LSU Tailback Allen Shorey scored twice and gained 118 yards, while Mark Lumpkin's kicks accounted for eight points. The defeat stuck Alabama with three losses for the first time since 1958.

Tennessee led South Carolina by only 16-14 with 5:40 left, but Quarterback Bobby Scott threw two TD passes for a 29-14 victory. The last Vol touchdown was set up by Tim Priest's interception. "This would have been the right time to take them, when they were looking ahead to Mississippi," said South Carolina Coach Paul Dietzel. The Rebels were looking ahead, too, beating Chattanooga only 21-0 in Oxford.

After 76 fruitless years, Davidson finally won a championship, beating East Carolina 42-27 for the Southern Conference title. The Wildcats did it the hard way, trailing 27-7 at halftime, but came back behind Gordon Slade's five TD passes. Davidson now meets the Mid-American winner, Toledo, in the Tangerine Bowl Dec. 26.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (7-0)
2. ARKANSAS (7-0)
3. HOUSTON (5-2)

While Arkansas was moseying past Rice (*page 74*), the Texas Longhorns looked more like greenhorns when they took the field against Baylor. Two days before the game Fullback Steve Worster had come down with a "24-hour virus" and by noon Friday it had spread to include 29 more Longhorns. Still, countless bottles of medicine and several trips to the infirmary later, everyone was in uniform—if not good health—for the opening kickoff, and despite a sickly start Texas bashed the Bears 56-14.

After the first three downs, Texas had not budged past the line of scrimmage and had almost run one play with only 10 players in the lineup. But soon sophomore Jim Bertelsen, one of the sickest virus victims, ran 53 yards to set up the first TD, and Texas got healthier as the warm afternoon wore on. Early in the last quarter, with Texas leading 56-7, it was announced that

continued

Ohio State had beaten Wisconsin 62–7 and the crowd began urging Texas Coach Darrell Royal to pour it on—for the sake of the polls, you know. But Royal, mercifully, kept substituting until 56 Texas players—one for every point—had seen action.

Houston, always one to pile it on whenever possible, whipped Tulsa 47–14 in what for these perennial adding machines was almost a defensive struggle. Tulsa Quarterback Rick Arrington completed 17 of 37 passes for 214 yards but was intercepted five times. His counterpart, Gary Mullins, threw for 179 yards and two TDs, but the Cougars won the game on the ground, where Ted Heiskell gained 118 yards and Jim Strong 117, including three TDs. "Our offense was too spotty," said Houston Coach Bill Yeoman, undoubtedly miffed with only 47 points on the board.

WEST

1. UCLA (7-0-1)
2. USC (7-0-1)
3. STANFORD (5-2-1)

The nearer the UCLA game (Nov. 22) gets, the more USC looks like the worst unbeaten team in the country. The Trojans squeaked through again, this time against winless Washington State. It was not exactly close—the final score was 28–7—but neither was it a breather, considering that USC had been so heavily favored that the bookies refused to put a price on it. First USC Coach John McKay needled the press—"It was an easy game," he said, tongue in cheek, "just like you writers said it would be"—but then he added, "I'm unhappy. We're favored by 50 and have trouble winning by 21. Maybe we just aren't any good."

The Trojans should have known they were in for a long afternoon after Washington State's first play. The Cougars' quarterback, Rich Olson, came into the game with a perfect record—six incompletions and an interception in seven passing attempts—so he completed his first throw against the Trojans. It was only 14–7 at halftime because State had found a way of throwing off Southern Cal's offense: the Trojans start their plays on the word "Go," so State's linebackers would shift defenses with a similar word, "Now," leading to an occasional jump offside by the Trojan line. Say, though, isn't this illegal? "It's close to it," said McKay. "Coaches have been doing illegal things for years." Said Cougar Coach Jim Sweeney, "We thought our defensive shifting was one of the keys Yes, we worked on it all week."

Washington's best performance of the year still was only good enough to hold Stanford to a 21–7 victory, the eighth straight loss this season for the troubled Huskies, whose problems were compounded last week when Coach Jim Owens kicked off four blacks. While black spokesmen spent the week calling for his dismissal, Owens was tied up in so many meetings that he missed two practices (that would have got him canned at Indiana). Conferences of reconciliation between Owens and the suspended players finally began on Friday morning, but quickly degenerated into rough facsimiles of the Paris peace talks, with the players walking out because Owens wouldn't allow their attorneys to be present. As soon as this was resolved, the players balked again when Owens refused to allow a black assistant coach, Carver Gayton, to be present. Finally, the coach and players met Friday afternoon and evening, with the announcement coming late Sunday that all the blacks except Halfback Harvey Blanks would be taken back.

In the Western Athletic Conference, Utah pinned Wyoming with its second straight loss, 34–10, knocking the Cowboys out of championship contention and enhancing its own chances considerably. The Utes now are 4-0 in WAC play, with games left against Arizona this week and Brigham Young after that. Utah plays one less league game than Arizona State, the hottest contender, and thus would lose the title if both teams finished with only one conference loss. There were no demonstrations in protest of Wyoming Coach Lloyd Eaton's well-publicized dismissal of 14 black players, although a few blacks in the crowd wore black armbands with "14" on them. Meanwhile, Brigham Young kept alive its WAC title hopes with a 21–3 victory over San Jose. All the Spartans, even Coach Joe McMullen, entered the BYU stadium wearing black armbands in protest of the alleged racist policies of the Mormon Church, the issue that had touched off the trouble at Wyoming.

Junior Flanker Ernie Jennings of the Air Force tied the NCAA record held by Ron Sellers and Howard Twilley when he caught five TD passes in the Falcons' 38–13 win over Utah State. Jennings now has scored the Falcons' last seven touchdowns, including a 96-yard kickoff return two weeks ago.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (7-0)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (7-1)
3. DARTMOUTH (7-0)

If any Princeton diehards were unhappy that the Tigers finally junked that Stanley Steamer of formations, the single wing, this season's team hasn't left them much room for complaint. As happy with the T (or the cock-eyed-I, as they call it) as a poor kid with an old toy, the Tigers flattened Harvard 51–20 to remain tied for the Ivy lead with unbeaten Dartmouth, a 37–7 conqueror of Columbia. Each has a 5-0 league record heading into this week's final tune-ups before their showdown Nov. 22 at Princeton.

Nobody has been happier without the single wing than Princeton Quarterback Scott MacBean. "It gave me a new life," he said. "I was about to be beaten out at tailback. Besides, the single wing makes for dull football. We were last in the nation in passing last year." Against Harvard, the hero was not MacBean but the Princeton captain, senior Fullback Ellis Moore, who scored three TDs—two fewer than he got on his last trip to Cambridge. "Players seem to return to the scene of the crime quite often," said Princeton Coach Jake McCandless. The Tigers' defense threw Harvard Halfback Ray Hornblower for a net loss of seven yards rushing.

It was raining in Morgantown, but West Virginia came out passing and beat William & Mary 31–0. Quarterback Mike Sherwood completed seven of 11 for 147 yards and a touchdown, while Bob Gresham scored three times on runs of 35, 48 and 59 yards. Notre Dame, having a great season against mediocre opponents (except Purdue and Southern Cal), destroyed Pitt 49–7. Irish Quarterback Joe Theismann called an efficient game, mixing his own passes (three for touchdowns) with traps and end sweeps.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (7-0)
2. MISSOURI (7-1)
3. PURDUE (7-1)

Indiana's 28–17 loss to Iowa was the "climax to a very bad week," in the words of Quarterback Harry Gonso. Indeed, the Hoosiers' second Big Ten defeat virtually destroyed their Rose Bowl hopes, and that was all Gonso needed after a fire Friday night gutted his fraternity house (Sigma Alpha Epsilon), destroying everything he owned—including prized football mementos. None of this was as serious, however, as the trouble that began on Wednesday, when Hoosier Coach John Pont dismissed 10 blacks—including three defensive starters—from the squad for skipping practice two straight days, an offense that called for automatic dismissal under the Pont system.

On Friday the blacks released a list of eight grievances, with charges ranging from "inadequate medical treatment" to "creation of an atmosphere that is mentally depressing and normally discouraging for blacks." No specific charges were made against Pont, a coach who has heretofore had a reputation for being sensitive and sym-

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pathetic to black problems. Not mentioned in the grievances, but possibly originating them, was Pont's shake-up of his team a month earlier. After the coach declared every *starting position open, some* blacks failed to win theirs back and two didn't even make the traveling squad.

Four blacks had returned to practice Wednesday, skipping only one day, and one of them, Split End John Andrews, received a loud pregame ovation from the Indiana fans, many of whom had changed their "Go Big Red" buttons to "Go Big White," a not-so-subtle response to the dismissed blacks, who met in the school's Union Building during the game. To discourage any disturbance in front of a regional TV audience, 84 uniformed policemen ringed the field and a state police helicopter hovered overhead. The Hoosiers clung to a *14–13* lead in the third quarter, but Iowa's Jerry Nelson blocked a John Isenbarger punt and teammate Dan McDonald recovered at the Indiana 19, setting up the winning TD by substitute Dennis Green.

While Indiana was staggering, Purdue and Michigan each won easily to remain tied for second in the Big Ten—but the end of the honeymoon may be at hand. The Boilermakers this week make their long-awaited trip to Ohio State, then Michigan gets the Buckeyes the next weekend—at home.

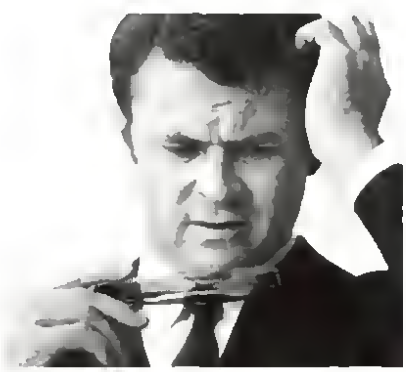
At Champaign, Linebacker Bruce Erb was seriously injured in a motorcycle accident on Friday, then 18 of his teammates suffered some injury or another in Illinois' 57–0 loss to Michigan. Purdue was hardly less bruising in beating Michigan State 41–13 as Jeff Jones kicked five extra points to give him 39 straight—an NCAA record. At Columbus only one of Ohio State's 79 players didn't see action in the 62–7 romp over Wisconsin—Quarterback Rex Kern, of all people. While Kern rested up for Purdue, letting his many injuries heal, second-stringer Ron Maciejowski ran up 247 yards total offense in the first half, then watched *his* backup, sophomore Kevin Rusnak, throw two TD passes in the second half. "Rusnak is listed as an end on their roster," noted Wisconsin Coach John Coatta. "What's he do—throw it, then run out and catch it? I was about to go over and see if all those Ohio State players had a big S for Superman on their chests." For want of anything else to grumble about, the Buckeyes' Woody Hayes said, "We're getting a little too soft when we score four on *passing*." Obviously, Woody still likes his dust clouds.

Missouri (*page 40*) was able to take sole possession of the Big Eight lead when Oklahoma State surprised Kansas State 28–19. Quarterback Bob Cutburth and End Herman Eben combined on three TD passes for Oklahoma State. Said losing Coach Vince Gibson, "They were so high they probably could have beaten the Los Angeles Rams." **END**

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Junior Flanker Ernie Jennings of Air Force (6′, 172 pounds) caught five TD passes—tying an NCAA record—in the Falcons' 38–13 win over Utah State, a week after his 96-yard kickoff return beat Army.

THE LINEMAN: Junior Linebacker Nip Weisenfels made 10 tackles to help Missouri past Oklahoma 44–10. Besides twice dumping Sooner Quarterback Jack Mildren for losses, Nip stopped Steve Owens on several big plays.



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◆ "My husband was saddling the horse of a friend of Grace's," says **Mrs. Donald Le Vine**, explaining how she and her sister, **Princess Grace** of Monaco, happened to be in the saddling paddock at Garden State Park in New Jersey recently. "Grace never had too much to do with horses herself," added Mrs. Le Vine, "but Father was president of the Atlantic City racetrack, and my husband is a trainer [*SI*, Sept. 22], so she did get a little caught up in it." As for the friend's horse, Nashwin, it didn't. It came in fourth.

"My opponent, **Tom Gola**, is a better basketball player than I am," said Lawyer Charles Perito, campaigning in Philadelphia, "and he's a lot bigger and prettier than me, but is Tom Gola qualified to hold the office of city controller?" Yes, answered 329,930 Philadelphians, who voted the 36-year-old La Salle coach into the office on Election Day.

◆



Gola, a three-time All-America and onetime pro, anticipates no difficulty when he takes over his new job in the middle of the basketball season. "The road games are one-stop trips," he points out, "and practices will be late, after my office hours. Look, I did it last year." Last year Gola was a state representative. He missed one session in Harrisburg and La Salle was 23-1.

Although it isn't widely known, **Dr. Max Rafferty**, California's superintendent of public instruction, is something of an expert on football. Never a player (bad feet), Dr. Rafferty boasts of a 51-5 record as a high school coach and welcomes invitations to speak on the sport. Several years ago he delivered a speech at a Helms Foundation dinner entitled, "Football: The Indestructible Sport." This year he has been going around the state speaking on the 100th anniversary of college football, using much the same address, but jollying it up with such thoughts as "Kooks, crumbums and Commies [and] hairy, loudmouthed beatniks" are bent upon destroying the game, and warning that "pseudointellectuals" will ruin the fine Oregon State team. OSU activists, according to Dr. Rafferty, "look and smell like they spent 10 years in solitary confinement on Devil's Island," and the university president is a "bigger ass than the players," since he set up the commission to investigate Coach Dee Andros (*SI*, Sept. 1). Dr. Rafferty seems to have misplaced his concern. Only last week Oregon State beat California 35–3.

"I asked for a well-broken-down horse," says **Brigitte Bardot** indignantly, "and instead they gave me a 3-year-old stallion that was completely loco. He bolted, and I was so panic-stricken that I let go of the reins and held on to his mane for dear life." Which wasn't hard enough, it turned out. The horse ignored her shouts of "Stop, stop, I don't know how to gallop!" and B.B. fell off and was dragged 165 feet, cutting her hip.



•

Former Colt fullback **Alan** (The Horse) **Ameche**, now the vice-president of A&G Foods, has just been elected to the board of the exceedingly prestigious Philadelphia Orchestra Association. Ameche has done a great deal for the underprivileged children of Philadelphia (and Baltimore and Washington). Musically, he reports that he spends from eight to 10 hours a week listening to his collection of records and tapes on a stereo set equipped with 28 speakers, and he's a Beethoven nut. "Just a fantastic man," says Ameche. "I admire him so much I'm reading Thayer's double edition on his life and learning every detail about him." Ameche's collection, he says, "runs the whole gamut of Beethoven. I enjoy the baroque music, but everything gravitates from Beethoven. I'm big on him."

• **Anne Ford Uzielli** had never played paddle tennis before, but there she was last week, in the semifinals of the Third Annual Southampton Platform Tennis Tournament. She and partner **Merrill Lynch Magowan** went on to lose, however, and in the finals **Mrs. Richard Adler** (wife of the songwriter) and **Peter Banker** (vice-president of Pan Ocean Oil) defeated **Mrs. Carola Lott** (assistant to **Tom Hoving** at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art) and **Louis Marx Jr.** (son of the toy manufacturer). The weather was icky, but a good time was had by all, including **Gianni Uzielli**, who viewed his wife's progress to the semifinals with some alarm. "Oh, my God," he observed at one point, "if she wins we'll have to build a trophy room."

The trouble with living in the executive mansion is that it has no street number, pouts **Mrs. Marvin Mandel**, wife of Maryland's governor, and without a street number how do you pick the daily double? "I had to go back to our old street number in Baltimore – 2 and 9," said Mrs. Mandel on opening day at Laurel. Wrong address. The winning combination was 2 and 3.

You'd think that a rich, handsome, successful fellow like **Paul Newman** would be satisfied. No way. It seems what Newman really wanted to be was a star athlete. "All my life I've kidded myself that I was a natural athlete," he confesses. "I wasn't much good at football. I can't ski. I'm a great man on a driving range, but I get on a golf course and I'm no damn good. I'm a lousy athlete. I can't even dance."

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Pheasants like civilization, but Dakota farms are so well pruned the birds have no hiding place

From the number of guns that came off Flight 796 into Aberdeen, S. Dak. a couple of Friday nights ago, one might have thought the town was under siege. It was, in fact, being invaded—by a battalion of hunters. They came in on other flights, too—from both coasts, the South, the North and as far away as Mexico to spend opening weekend of the pheasant season tramping through wheat fields and alfalfa in search of the big bright-feathered birds. But, where this year a battalion ventured forth, 10 years ago an army would have roamed the state.

By almost any but South Dakota standards the pheasant shooting was not bad. Admittedly it has been better in other years but, even so, most hunters willing to walk and work for their birds managed to fill their limits. The trouble with South Dakotans is that they remember when pheasants were everywhere in numbers so thick that it was difficult to drive down a road without running over them. That was in the early '40s and '50s and as recently as 1963, when, depending upon which estimate you believe, there were anywhere from 11 to 30 million pheasants in the state. Today there are just over three million.

What happened and why has caused almost as much controversy in South Dakota as the war in Vietnam. The one fact in all the furor on which everyone agrees is that the birds have indeed declined. What keeps the arguments going into the night is whether the decline is the result of predators, pesticides, weather or lack of habitat.

The answer, of course, is that all have been factors, with lack of habitat being the most important. But the basic reason is not any of these. Nor is it a reason that very many people—layman or expert—have considered or explored. The pheasant has declined on the prairie purely and simply because of the attitude of the residents toward the bird.

A pheasant is much more than a pretty creature to grace the roadsides and provide the hunter's sport. It is a valuable resource in the overall economy of this region. But few people have realistically appraised its role in their lives and community. Some have tried—notably members of the state Game Department and Pheasants Unlimited, a Sioux Falls organization dedicated to restoring the pheasant to its former peaks—but most efforts at convincing others have failed. The pheasant should and could be as important a commodity in South Dakota as wheat and whiteface cattle. That it is not, in this era of enlightened game management and increased leisure, is indefensible.

No game bird imported into the U.S. has bred as successfully as the Chinese ringneck pheasant. The bird has been here almost 100 years and in that time has spread through 34 states. It is a people bird, prospering with cultivation rather than wilderness. Diversified farming and pheasants go hand in hand.

In the '40s pheasants were so numerous in the Dakotas that a single coolie or bottom might produce as many as 500 birds. Most farms were rich with shelter areas then. With slow, old-fashioned equipment and many young men away at war, today's "clean" farming was not possible—and the birds thrived. When the war ended, farming began to change. Equipment improved, the men returned and the cover began to go. So did the birds.

But in 1956 there was a reprieve. Soil banks were established throughout the grain belts, providing a form of subsidy for the farmer and lebensraum for the pheasant. Under the soil bank program the Federal Government remunerated the farmer for *not* farming a portion of his land over a five- to 10-year period. Such "retired" land nurtured weed and sweet clover, sunflower and bromegrass. The land also grew lush with pheasants. The abundance of food, nesting and winter cover on soil-bank land produced birds in phenomenal numbers. By the late '50s the pheasant population had increased spectacularly throughout the prairie.

After the soil-bank era all the land was turned back to cultivation, and "progress" came to the prairie. It came in the form of even more improved machines, one of which could do jobs in a day that previously took several machines many days to perform. Such equipment drastically changed the agricultural pattern of the area. Brush stands, draws, shelter belts all disappeared as modern methods and equipment enabled the farmer to utilize even his most marginal acres. Potholes and sloughs were drained for crops. Fields once left in stubble until spring were fall-plowed. As farming intensified, most cover disappeared. There was no place for the pheasant to hide.

In a given year pheasant mortality is 70%. Under normal conditions the 30% carryover is more than enough to both replenish the loss and provide a healthy increase. Even under adverse conditions—drought, flood, severe snows—it is generally enough to pull the population through to a better year. Pheasants recover from such temporary setbacks remarkably well. A single cock with a harem of 10 hens, for example, can produce as many as 75 birds in a season. At even half that rate of reproduction, a badly decimated population can rapidly renew itself. But there must be adequate cover.

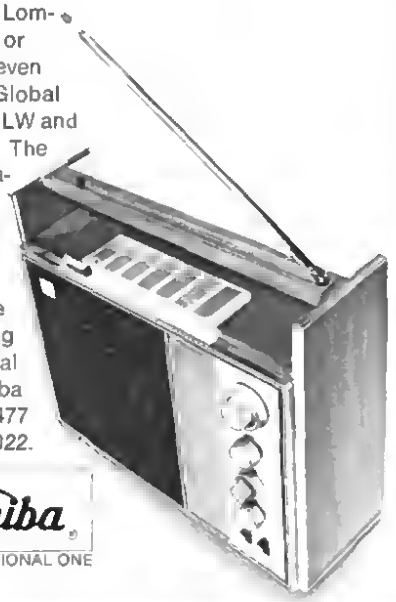
Research Biologist Larry Fredrickson of the South Dakota Department of Game, who has studied pheasants for the past several years, recently looked through some slides taken in Brookings County in 1959. "I had forgotten what the area looked like 10 years ago," he says. "It was a literal jungle. But then the sloughs were drained, the ditches were mowed, the weed patches cleared. One look at the changes in the land 10 years have made and it's obvious what has happened to the pheasants."

It has not, unfortunately, been obvious to the farmer. Nor has he had the vision to see that beyond the wheat and the rye and the cattle his most valuable crop might well be the pheasant. The farmer has not been alone in failing to recognize the pheasant for what it really is—a highly marketable resource to be cultivated. Most South Dakotans share his blind spot, just as they share

continued

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his fundamental frontier philosophy. Hunting is basic to it, as is the belief that the game belongs to the people.

The fences are few and far between in South Dakota, and NO TRESPASSING signs are as scarce as mountains in this flat land. It is a free, friendly place where strangers are still invited to come in for coffee and clerks in the country stores smile when they make change. The concept of farming game as one farms any other crop and then charging for the privilege of harvesting it is foreign to such philosophy.

"If I had to pay to hunt pheasants," commented one South Dakotan, "I would not hunt." But the fact is that unless he pays there may eventually be no pheasants for him to hunt.

The future of the pheasant on the prairie depends first upon a change in the attitude of the people. The bird can surpass even its heyday if the farmer is willing to modify his present methods of farming to provide the cover the birds need. But, to offset the reduced yield of his land, there must be economic incentive. The hunter is the logical person to provide such incentive. By paying *for* the privilege of hunting on the farmer's land, the hunter would be contributing his fair share to the cost of supplying cover for the game. He would also be guaranteeing the future of his sport.

The system works. It is practiced in many parts of the country, with perhaps greatest success in Texas. Hunting leases sell there for anywhere from a couple of dollars a day on a short-term basis to several thousand dollars for the season. The game prospers under such a system. So, too, does the community.

In 1963, the last big pheasant year in South Dakota, some 68,000 out-of-state hunters paid more than $1.7 million in license fees. They spent an additional $14 million on lodging, meals, shells, gas, guides and other services. There is no way to estimate their public-relations and tourism value which certainly added a substantial boost to the economy of the state.

There is enough land *in* South Dakota to provide birds and sport for many times 68,000 hunters. In only a few years the state could boast the finest pheasant hunting anywhere in the country—better even than in the legendary '40s and '50s. What happens in the '70s should be decided now. END



(A lachrymose lament from the MONY file of frustrating cases)

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MONY MAN: For 969 years? That, sir, is how long I predict you'll live.

METHUSELAH: Nonsense.

Ed. Note: Methuselah actually did live 969 years, but we at MONY are the first to admit that our man's guess was mainly luck. Our Field Underwriters are among the smartest in the business—but not quite that smart. Nevertheless, Methuselah had a tough struggle through those years—Noah being too busy building his Ark to look after him. Yet, had he heeded the MONY Man's advice, he would have collected $2,169,600.00. Don't miss the ark on your retirement. You may live longer than you expect.

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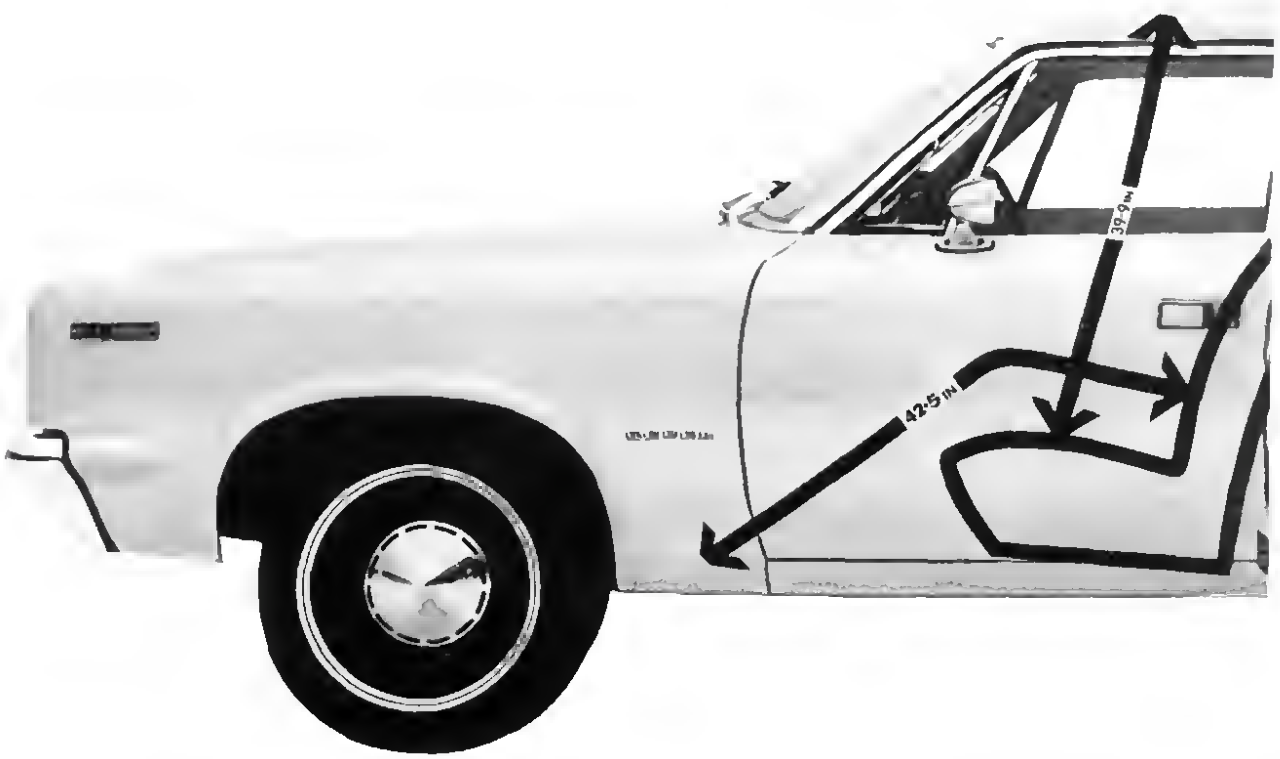
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American Motors Rebel Wagon

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Philly takes a flyer on a rookie with heart

Crowds are rising as spectacular young Bobby Clarke, a diabetic, inspirits the Flyers in a close West race behind the ruling Blues

As St. Louisans looked over the sports pages last week they could note with satisfaction that the Blues were in their accustomed place in the West—on top and threatening to pull away. They could also see that the rest of the division was engaged in a cutthroat fight for the remaining three playoff spots. Nowhere were the blades sharper or the fans louder than in Philadelphia, where a Huck Finn of a rookie named Bobby Clarke was pumping some excitement into the heretofore colorless Flyers. The fact that Clarke is a diabetic made him all the more precious to the Philadelphia fans, who believe he can win Rookie of the Year honors anyway.



CLARKE SKATES AGAINST CANADIENS

In their first two years the Flyers had not done badly in the standings, finishing first and third, but they played pretty dull hockey. During the summer, Coach Keith Allen was eased into the front office and fiery Vic Stasiuk took over. A former member of Boston's famed "Uke" Line—and of five championship teams in Detroit—Stasiuk wanted more hitting from the Flyers. At the June meetings in Montreal he picked up the rugged Hillman brothers, Wayne and Larry, and New York's pesky Reg Fleming.

Above all, though, the Flyers needed some scoring punch. Even so, in the amateur draft they caused acute surprise by taking 20-year-old Bobby Clarke on the second round. It was not that hockey people doubted Clarke's potential; indeed, his poise, hustle and 52 goals at Flin Flon in an amateur league had reminded more than one scout of Norm Ullman, the Toronto stalwart. What bothered them was the diabetes.

"It was a gamble," said Bill Putnam, the Flyers' president. "We discussed the boy for days. But we felt he was the best young player in Canada, and when our doctors assured us that—under a watchful eye—he could stand up to the *grind*, we grabbed him. Actually, we wanted him so bad we'd have taken him on the first round if we had to."

Clarke went to camp and, teaming with Fleming and another promising rookie, Lew Morrison, up from the Quebec Aces, left the Flyers with no choice but to keep him. "From the start, they were our best line," Stasiuk said. "Bobby passed out twice in training camp," Frank Lewis, the club's trainer, recalled. "But both attacks followed morning workouts when he had skipped breakfast. If there's one thing an athlete needs, diabetic or not, it's a good, solid breakfast. But Bobby knows now that we've got to be frank with each other. I'm not out to make a big project out of it when he needs something, but we both know we've got to work together on this thing."

The fact that diabetics can be highly susceptible to infection doesn't appear to bother Clarke at all. "I've been carved up all over the face," he says. "Once I needed 15 stitches around my eye, but I was back the next game." Working spectacularly with Morrison, Clarke has become a favorite for the rookie award.

When 13,081 turned out last week to see Clarke, Morrison, Goalie Bernie Parent and the rest of the Flyers lose a tough 4–1 game to Montreal, they lifted the club above a 12,000 average for the first time in its brief history. Philadelphia had shown steady progress at the gate—averaging 9,625 fans a game the first year and 11,275 the second—and this may be the year the franchise becomes every bit as hot as St. Louis and Minnesota. The team is plugged liberally on television and radio, and three, four, sometimes even five hockey stories appear in a single newspaper. On the day of the Montreal game, the tabloid *Daily News* ripped the headline KIDNAPPERS GET RANSOM, KILL BOY off the front page of a late edition in favor of a hockey picture, score sheet and banner head billing FLYERS VS MONTREAL. The Blue Line Club, a dining room and bar in the Spectrum, is jammed before and after games, and reservations for dinner must be made two weeks in advance. Bill Putnam, an ex-banker who saw his first hockey game in Fort Worth, Texas in 1946, is one of the few who are not surprised at how the Flyers have caught on; in fact, he predicted it.

"Philadelphia's a good sports town,

continued

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DieHard

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and it always has been," Putnam said as he sipped a highball after the Montreal game. "The first thing people want to do is knock the town, which is O.K. But they can't knock it as a sports town. When I looked around and saw cities like Detroit and Boston and Chicago playing to 96% of capacity with hockey, there was no doubt in my mind that we could make it go here, where we can draw on almost five million people. At $2 million, the franchise price was right, too." Keith Allen, now assistant general manager, agreed. "They're just starved for a winner. The Eagles are sold out, and wait until you see the Phillies in their new stadium. You give Philly a winner and you won't find an empty seat in this place."

The Spectrum is an unlovely building with unpainted cement trim along the balconies, orange seats and red and white 76er pennants hanging from the roof—which the wind blew off two years ago. Yet the sight lines are superb, and what the building lacks in beauty it has in hockey *feel*. "It's alive," said Larry Hillman, who played in Montreal last year. "St. Louis and Minnesota's arenas are, too. You skate onto the ice before a big crowd here and you *want* to play. That's not always true in places like L.A. and Pittsburgh; those buildings are too quiet.

"The city isn't pretty," he continued, "but from what I've seen the organization is really topflight. In a way it reminds me of the Canadiens. They've got some good bright men in the front office."

Putnam spoke of building loyalty. "We don't want our players wishing they were somewhere else because somebody offered them an extra $1,000. To be a successful organization you've got to have your people working together, glad to be part of the organization. We've talked to our players about this, concentrating on the young ones, and I think we're developing this spirit. And this year for the first time the players are being called upon to make personal appearances. That's important, because when they get known around town, chances are some of them will settle here in the off season. The team has really caught on lately, and if we get a winner this whole thing could blossom—just like it did in St. Louis."

"The secret is just getting over the hump," said Hillman. "Like tonight,

continued

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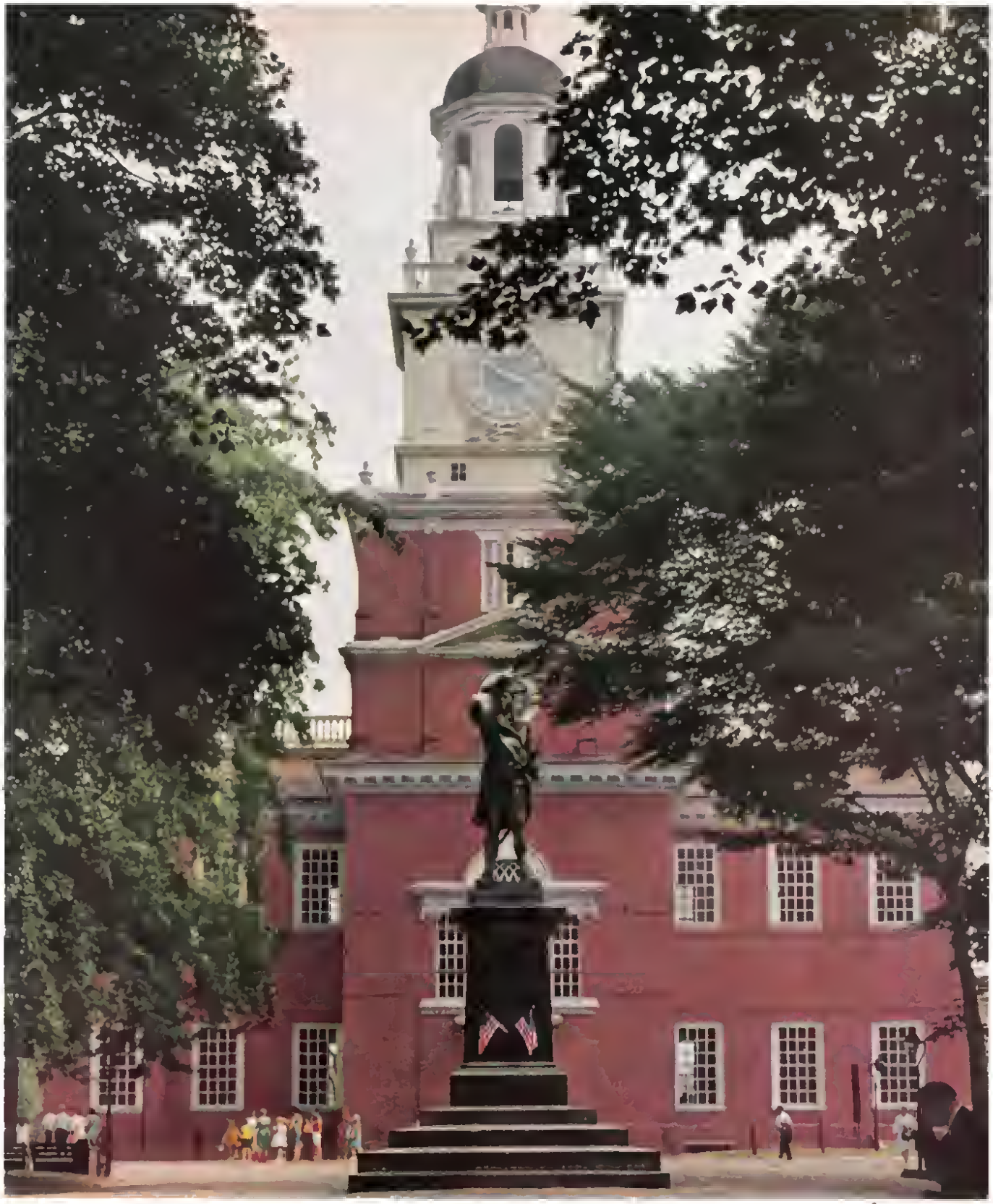
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four on the ground?
And listen, when you pull up to a girl's house
to pick her up for a date, he certainly
makes an impression."

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(The Maxi-Brute)

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Buick's 1970 Opel Kadett
(The Mini-Brute)



1970 Opel Rallye Kadett
(One of five Mini-Brute Models for 1970)

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against the best team in hockey we played well enough to win for a period and a half—but we lost. With a few breaks we would have won. What is still lacking here is that real hurt that comes when you lose. It just kills Montreal when they lose, and I hear it's getting that way on the Blues. I think it's coming here, too."

In Oakland, the biggest hurt so far has been at the box office, but that situation is improving. The Seals' attendance has been averaging 5,700—up 2,000 from last year. That is so even though the club has suffered heavy injuries. Already six regulars have been sidelined, and only some gritty goaltending by Gary Smith and Charlie Hodge has kept the Seals outshot in every game so far—in the race

The only consistent thing about the Minnesota North Stars has been the fans, a marvelous following that has the club averaging an SRO 14,588 in an arena seating 14,368. Minnesota has been spectacular (4-2-0) against the East, pathetic *(2-4-0) against the West—but getting* better if Saturday's victory over the Blues is any indicator.

Although Pittsburgh is still moribund at the gate, Coach Red Kelly and a few new faces have perked up the Penguins on the ice. "Sometimes I think we're snakebit, though," moans Jack Riley, the general manager. "Like, three days before our home opener I see this piece of wood protruding along the boards, near a net. I tell the maintenance manager about it, and he says he'll have it beveled down. Well, he doesn't, and wouldn't you know, we play Oakland and we're ahead 2–1 in the second period when one of our guys wheels the puck around the boards. It hits that piece of wood and out it comes on the stick of an Oakland player, alone in front of the goal. We tie 2–2 when we should win the game 2–1, that has been the story of our life."

The story in Los Angeles has been Eddie Shack, the former Boston strong boy. Eddie scored the hat trick in his first game in the Forum—and now Eddie can do no wrong. Whenever he scores or throws a stiff check, the organist hammers out something called *Clear the Track, Here Comes Shack.* There will have to be a heap of clearing if the Kings are to threaten St. Louis. As Bill Putnam says, "The rest of us just go around cutting each other up." END

Frank Ryan's son beat him at his own game.



Can yours?

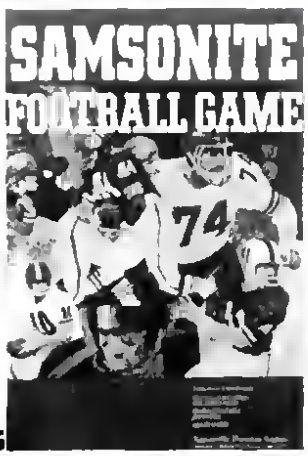
The score is tied. It's 4th down and goel to go for young Frank Jr. He decides to rush. He picks his play end is over for a touchdown, leaving his famous quarterback Dad wondering what hit him!

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Samsonite Decision Games



Lean on your defense

I have forgotten which battlefield tactician counseled that the best defense was to attack, but in contract bridge the advice is not always valid. The best defense does not necessarily begin with an attacking lead. In pair tournaments scored at match points it is especially important not to give up an extra trick with the opening play, and it is here that there exists the widest gulf between rubber bridge and duplicate competition.

At the same time there is no question about whether defense or declarer's play is more important. Most bridge pair tournaments are decided by good opening leads and tight defense, if only for the reason that if the cards run about even and your side wins its due share of the contracts you spend about 25% of your time sitting on the sidelines as dummy. And then only your exceptional talent as bidder receives its just reward. On that 50%, of all deals where the opponents buy the contract, however, you, as a defender, are in the action all the time, with hopes of gaining some reward for your playing talent as well.

Suppose you were holding the West hand shown here. You are allowed to look at your cards and North's but cover the East and South hands to see whether you can equal the defense of Jan Barna, who, as West, brought off a brilliant coup that set the three-no-trump contract at the recent Canadian-American tournament in Montreal.

Most experts would lead the heart as Barna did, in spite of North's bid of

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ Q 10 9 8
♥ A Q J 2
♦ 9 8 7 6
♣ J

WEST
♠ A 7 6 4
♥ 10 9 8 7
♦ J
♣ A Q 8 7

EAST
♠ K 5
♥ 6 5 3
♦ K 4 3 2
♣ 10 5 4 2

SOUTH
♠ J 3 2
♥ K 4
♦ A Q 10 5
♣ K 9 6 3

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♣	PASS	1 ♥	PASS
1 N T	PASS	3 N T.	(*All Pass*)

Opening lead—10 of hearts

that suit. The solidity of the heart holding insures that no trick will be given away by the opening that declarer could not make on his own account. The play to the first trick gave West the oppor-

continued



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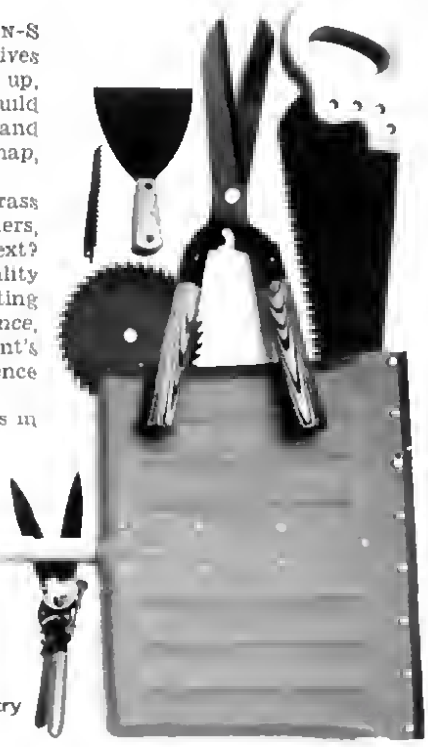
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tunity to see that the opponents had four sure tricks in the heart suit, since declarer won the trick with the king in his hand in order to lead the jack of spades. You may now take over for West and plan how you can defeat South's contract.

First of all, South has apparently made a poor play by leading the spade jack. With dummy's holding in the suit, declarer should have led a low spade, leaving West in doubt as to whether South was planning to finesse for a possibly missing jack of spades. By leading the jack, South has given West a present of the information that East does not hold that card. West's problem is to make the utmost use of that information.

After considerable thought, Barna came to the conclusion that his best chance to defeat the contract was to find partner with the king of spades and either the 10 or 9 of clubs as well. East needed only one, not both, of those lower cards.

Defying the time-honored second-hand-low precept, and also committing the "folly" of leading queen from ace-queen without a supporting honor, Barna climbed up with his ace on the first spade and returned the queen of clubs. That smothered dummy's jack and presented South with a trick which, nevertheless, had to cost him his contract.

If for some reason South ducked the trick, West could continue with a low club and win two more club tricks whenever East got in with the king of spades. Even if declarer had been gifted with second sight in the division of the diamonds, he could not take advantage of the fact that, if he went to dummy with a heart and finessed the diamond queen on the first round, West's blank jack would drop. Since he could not get back to dummy again without surrendering a spade or a diamond trick, there would be no way to make four tricks in the suit.

What actually happened was that South took West's queen of clubs with his king at the third trick and continued spades. East won with the king, shifted to the 10 of clubs and the defense collected two spades and three clubs to set the contract.

A final note on West's play to the first spade trick: if he allowed his partner to win that trick with the king, the contract could not be defeated, even if East then shifted to clubs. **END**



...fall. ...the season with some ...that's as soft and comfortable as ... Summer. The Weekender by Arrow ... a contour tailored bit of comfort ...that looks like wool but doesn't feel it. ...% spun rayon is the reason, and the ...idea ... even ... yoke that's satin lined.

The colors? As warm as a bonfire ... accents that are as crisp as the sea... Shown here -- a new blue-grey with rust over-plaid. Not shown: three other solid ...backgrounds. ...other ...

The Weekender. Completely ... machine washable and tumble-dryable. ... Plaid outside, smooth inside.

Arrow ... INC.

The Weekender

From Arrow, the colorful white shirt company.



Tabletop games, particularly football, are all the rage, and no one plays tougher ball than a bunch of comic-strip characters in Chicago

'Dice ball keeps the mind fit'

The Lexington Hotel on Chicago's South Side was once a headquarters for Al Capone. It contained his apartment, gymnasium and shooting gallery, where, rumor has it, the targets were often very realistic. The notorious days of the Lexington and the nearby red-light district are no more. The hotel is now called the New Michigan, and on its ground floor is Mama Batt's, a restaurant specializing in kreplach and matzo-ball soup—fare that would hardly have pleased Scarface. His ghost, however, might be pleased to know that on Monday evenings in the fall, dice are still being thrown in his old building. Batt's is the home stadium of a tabletop football league.

At 4 p.m. the players arrive at Batt's East, a room off the main restaurant. There are 24—the Old Gray Fox, Big Tom, Stump, *et al*.—and they remove their suits and open bags containing their uniforms. Big Tom Jillson is 6' 3", 260, and once wrestled for Illinois. He struggles into black tights and red shorts with two big white buttons, dons Mickey Mouse ears, and with teammate Dave Petty goes to one of six game tables where await the B.C.s, dressed in Beatle wigs, T shirts and leopardskins.

Jillson sits in front of the game board and studies several defensive cards: "Good Against Strongside Off Tackle," "Weak Against Look-in Passes," "Best When You're in Douht." He makes a disparaging remark about the B.C.s' ability to move the football, and the B.C.s batter Jillson's ears with plastic clubs.

At another table the Prince Valiant team of Bill Sloan and Gil McLendon is preparing to play Dick Tracy, a rookie outfit. Sloan believes it takes rookies at least one season to learn the complexities of the game—the percentage plays, the execution represented by the roll of the dice. Sloan and McLendon discuss last-minute game plans. "In exhibition games we played wide-open," McLendon says. "Now, we'll be more conservative." Sloan adds, "Lombardi would train at his strengths. In this game we'll go with our strengths." It is now 5 p.m., and the players get to their feet. A tape recorder plays the national anthem. The 1969 DFL (Donnelley Football League) season is under way.

The action at Batt's East is duplicated by an estimated 2,000 leagues throughout the U.S. All play Pro* Quarterback, manufactured by Championship Games, Inc., all are registered members of the AAU (Armchair Athletic Union), whose national commissioner is Tod Lansing, the game's inventor, and all read *The AAU News*, an eight-page tabloid featuring such articles as "NORAD Speeds Games to Lonely Arctic Sites." A number of companies produce tabletop football games—APBA, Milton Bradley, Strat-O-Matic, 3M—and each has a large following, with leagues on college campuses, in bars, suburban homes, commuter trains and at least one monastery. Tabletop games aren't restricted to football. APBA and Strat-O-Matic are best known for their baseball games. Lansing has invented one of several tabletop golf games, and it's possible to play hockey and basketball, too.

Tabletop devotees are notably fanatical. A Harrisburg, Pa. doctor thinks nothing of driving 105 miles to Philadelphia to play in a football league. An Ohio gasoline salesman refused transfer—and a promotion—until his company offered him an area where there was an APBA league. The Strat-O-Matic lunchtime baseball league at one office once completed a player draft over long-distance telephone hookups.

What accounts for this obsessive behavior? "It's the psychology of miniatures," says J. Richard Seitz, the inventor of APBA games. "You're creating an imaginary world relating to the real world of professional sports, but you're controlling it. You're the head coach, the manager." Hal Richman of Strat-O-Matic believes that advocates of tabletop games are simply frustrated athletes. "We play these games because we're heroworshipers," he says, "and this is as close as we can get to the real game."

"My most glorious moment in sport came on the last day of our first tabletop baseball season," one sportswriter admits. "I had to win to tie for the pennant. I was behind 1–0 in the bottom of the ninth. Luis Aparicio led off for me and flied to left. Willie Davis popped to first. Tony Conigliaro walked, and Frank Robinson was on via an error. Richie Allen tied the game with a double, and Denis Menke walked to load the bases. Up stepped Dick Stuart. He hit a home run, and to me that will always be as dramatic a homer as Bobby Thomson's."

Says Bill Sloan, DFL founder and

continued



You're both fed up with the yardwork bit. After all, man does not live by leaves alone. So you take a break.

And what better way to shoot the breeze than in the Fence Talker, from Arrow. In fact, when you run short of conversation, you can talk about the shirt.

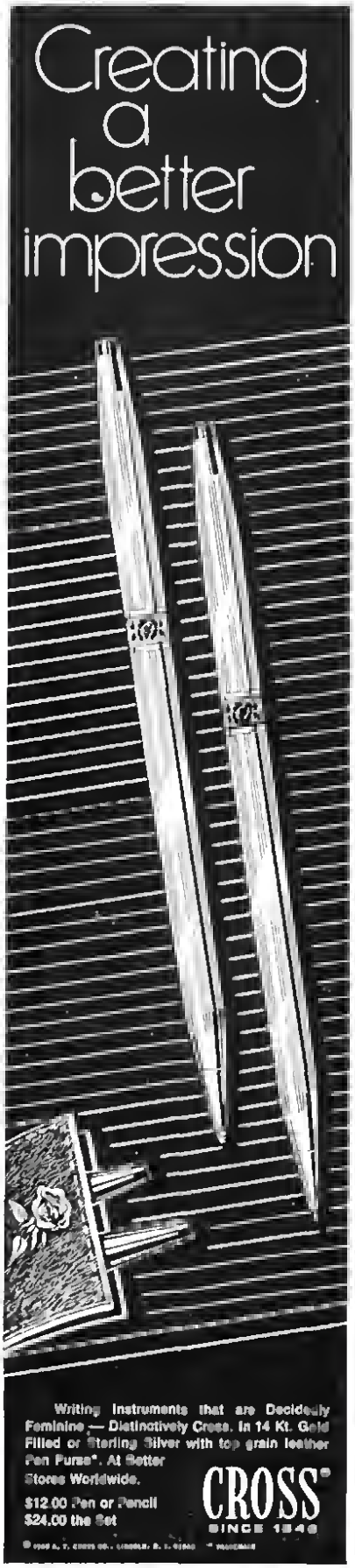
A beautiful blend of 85% wool for warmth, 15% nylon for sheer comfort. In as many different color combinations as you'll find in the season itself. Two flap pockets plus a new collar.

The Fence Talker. Fully machine-washable. Also available in button down collar. "Okay, honey, just a second--I was about to finish raking."

-Arrow-

The Fence Talker

From Arrow, the colorful white shirt company.



commissioner. "I always play defense, and I try to put myself in Dick Butkus' place, wondering what he'd call. When my formation results in a fumble recovery, a big loss or an interception, I feel the same exhilaration Butkus must experience. There's nothing like it."

Sloan, like the other members of the DFL, works for Chicago's R.R. Donnelley & Sons, the nation's largest commercial printer. A tall, blond man in his mid-30s, he is pleasantly eccentric, a condition common to most tabletop enthusiasts. Sloan has always been fascinated by offbeat sports. Among these are Flockey—floor hockey played with paddles and a Ping-Pong ball—and winter golf, which is played with a tennis ball and hockey sticks.

Before Sloan was introduced to the Pro*Quarterback game his favorite pastime was Frisbee, which he facetiously claims to have invented. It was in 1952, five years before Wham-O first manufactured plastic Frisbees, that Sloan and Lincoln Dring stopped at a place in Hanover, N.H. which they have since dubbed Mrs. Frisbee's Pies. After consuming his pie, Sloan tossed the pie tin at Dring. Since that historic afternoon, he has thrown countless pie tins, garbage-can lids and, on one occasion, a hubcap from a 1962 Chevrolet.

"Aluminum units are best on a windy day," says Sloan. "When the thermals are just right, you've got it." He is now an accomplished Frisbee player, having mastered the Overhead Fandangle and the Sidearm Fantastic. He is still working on the Ming Thrust and the Wobbly, two of the game's most difficult throws. Sloan once made a thermal catch on a Ming Thrust, a Frisbee feat comparable to pitching a perfect game. "Frisbee keeps the body fit," he says. "The dice football game keeps the mind fit."

The DFL has thrived during its three-year history. (Despite its name, the league has no official connection with the company.) This season it expanded from eight to 12 teams and Sloan is considering going to 16 and four divisions. The success of the DFL has been due, in great part, to Sloan's diligence as commissioner. He was in Nassau on vacation last winter, enjoying a quiet dinner at the Emerald Beach Hotel with his wife Gale, when duty called—he left a plateful of conch fritters to phone Mama Batt's and get a rundown on the night's scores.

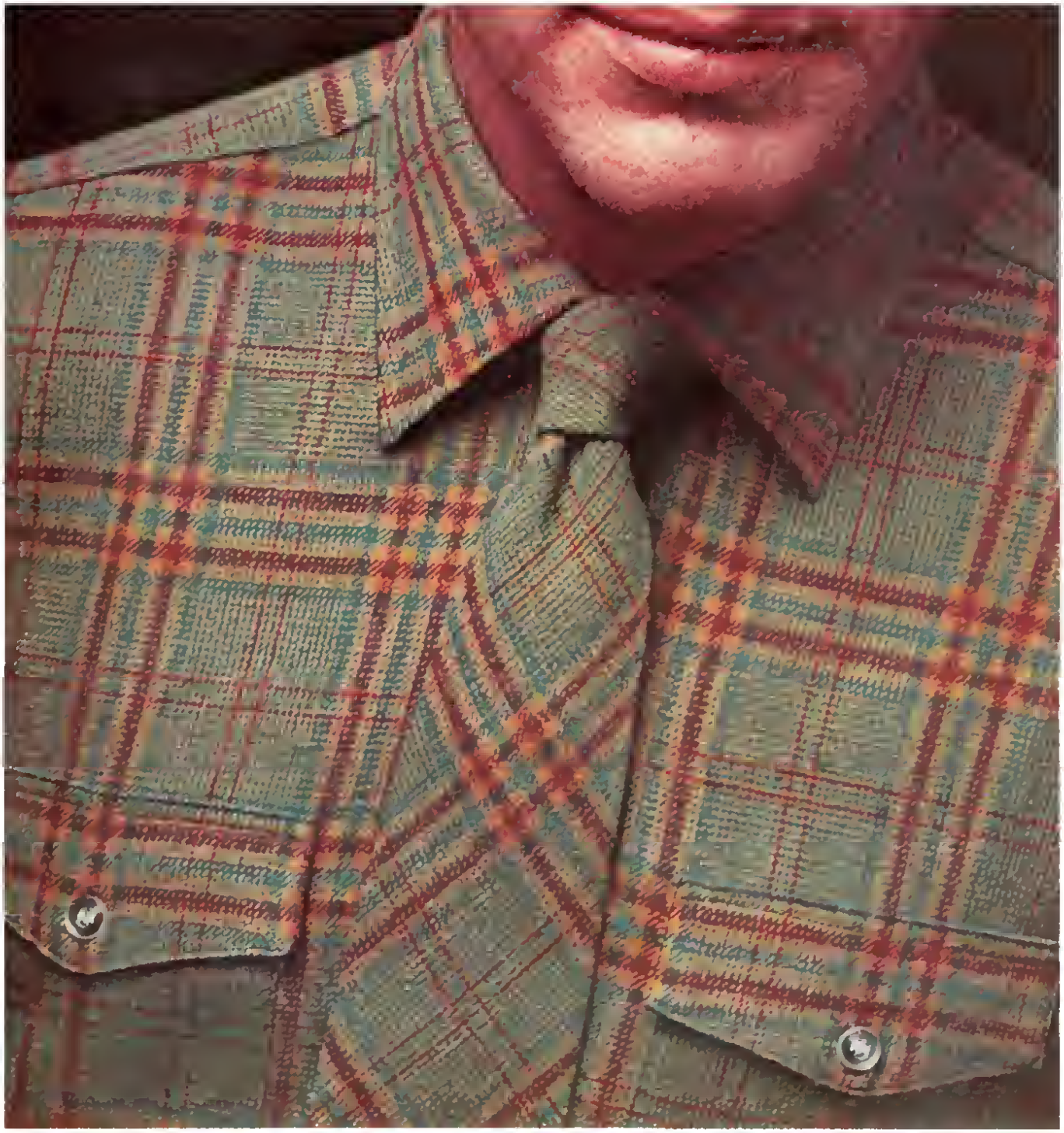
It once seemed that the DFL might crumble and the players return to bridge and bowling. The crisis arose last season when the Red Barons hadn't won a game. Joe Tubay and his Red Baron partner, John Witherspoon, began to seriously doubt each other's ability. In the final seconds of their sixth defeat, the Barons were driving toward the goal line. With the ball on the five, Witherspoon called the long bomb which, if completed, would have been caught 25 yards beyond the end zone. "We had a few words," Tubay recalled. "So what does he do? He lights my cape on fire!" This season Tubay has a new uniform and partner.

The cape-burning episode points out that tabletop players take their games as seriously as actual coaches. "If it's a crucial game, Bill is nervous all week long," Gale Sloan says. "At the start of the season he jokes about the league, and enjoys planning strategy. But in a few weeks it gets serious." Sloan and McLendon were undefeated during '67 regular season play, but lost the conference playoff. "That night Gil came home and I knew it would be best not to try to talk to him," Fran McLendon recalls. "As soon as he opened the door he began muttering, 'Bad dice, terrible execution,' over and over again. Eventually I went upstairs to bed."

Now it is 9 p.m. Sloan and McLendon's execution was flawless. Prince Valiant beat Dick Tracy 31–0, and the two men are in Mama Batt's bar celebrating. A friend, a stranger to the league, joins them and asks about the Chauncey Cup, a miniature of Rodin's *Thinker*, purchased for $30 at Sears Roebuck and named after the dog of one of Sloan's neighbors. "*The Thinker* is symbolic of the tabletop player," McLendon says of the trophy, which occupies a position of honor behind Batt's cash register. "It represents a guy in total concentration. I actually believe he isn't thinking about the next play in the game. He's trying to remember what he did with his clothes."

The first Chauncey Cup championship game, played on March 8, 1967, is the highpoint of DFL history. It took place at Sloan's home in South Holland, a respectable Dutch town 22 miles south of downtown Chicago. Goalposts were erected on the front lawn, along with a turnstile and a "searchlight." The league members had hoped for a real searchlight, something that would attract a

continued



Lucky you. To have a wife who knows that a buttonhook has nothing to do with shoes. And a Red Dog is not a problem you take to the local vet.

Let's face it. A girl like that is worth dressing up for—in the Game Watcher from Arrow. With a matching self-tie that makes you come off as colorful as the halftime ceremonies.

This one, in a blue Glen plaid with two flap pockets, color-coordinated buttons, and new spread collar.

The Game Watcher. Fully machine-washable and tumble-dryable. No, that's okay, don't get up, honey—I'll make the sandwiches.

Arrow

A DIVISION OF [illegible] & CO. INC

The Game Watcher

From Arrow, the colorful white shirt company.



It's America's most wanted sporty car. Hotter and handsomer for '70. Six great models, three distinctive rooflines. Go SportsRoof. Convertible. Low-priced hardtop. Try a hot Mach 1. Elegant Grande. Boss 302—cousin of the specially modified Trans Am winners. Nine engines, from economical Six all the way up to 429 V-8. With sporting luxury to match. New grille with single 7" lamps. New high-back buckets and wall-to-wall carpet. Locking steering column. Fiberglass belted bias-ply tires. Above: 1970 Mustang Mach 1. With rear deck spoiler, 428 Cobra Jet V-8 and functional "shaker" hood scoop. **Ford gives you better ideas...it's the Going Thing.**

Number One, there's Mustang.

large crowd. Sloan learned that one could be rented for $250 for a minimum of four hours. "How about $10 for 15 minutes?" he asked. The spotlight used that night was made from an ancient oscillating fan. Sloan tied two coffee cans onto it and placed two high-intensity bulbs inside. "We like to compare ourselves to Judge Hofheinz," he says. "He compromised by painting the roof of his Dome to prevent glare." What did attract a crowd, and created a traffic jam, were several DFL members picketing Sloan's house with such signs as "The End Is Here" and "DFL Unfair to Bo Chuck Pipers," a team that didn't qualify for the championship.

The game was played in Sloan's living room before 50 spectators. There was a miniature electric scoreboard, and a halftime show performed by the wives of league members.

The final game of the season was nearly as memorable. The DFL challenged the Carrol Stream Pro*Quarterback League, the other dice league in Chicago that plays Lansing's game, for the Armchair Athletic Union's Midwest Championship. Each league printed elaborate brochures containing player profiles and statistics. The DFL scouted their opponents from a "press box"—one member watched the Carrol Stream champions play their final game while standing on a chair.

"We were better organized," Sloan says. "We chose our best people to play according to statistics. We even had a cheering specialist. We won, but the evening wasn't a complete success: they brought a minister, and that took away half of our cheers."

Pulling off his Mickey Mouse ears, Tom Jillson joins Sloan and McLendon in the bar. "It took me 20 phone calls to find a place that sold these ears," he says. "And nobody knew what color shorts Mickey wears, what color shoes. I looked through the comic books at the Illinois Central Station and the closest was Donald Duck. I tried the *Tribune*. No help. I called Walt Disney Productions. The guy had to look it up. Mickey Mouse is dead."

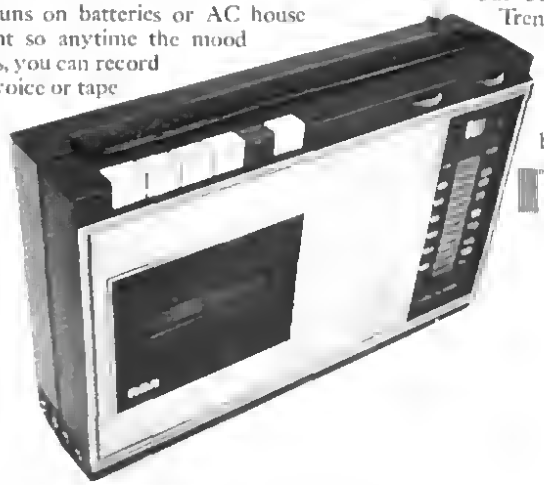
After a toast to the departed, Sloan eyes the future. "We have always said we will drive one day in any direction to meet a challenge," he says. "We could drive 1,000 miles. If another league would do the same, we could play any dice football league in America." **END**

The odd couple.

a tape recorder and FM/AM radio under the same roof

Who ever heard of such a thing? RCA did, of course, in their new portable Trendliner.

It runs on batteries or AC house current so anytime the mood strikes, you can record your voice or tape right off the air onto the cassette cartridge for your personal use. It's a cinch. Meet our odd couple (the Trendliner by name) and all the other portables at your RCA dealer. It's a fun bunch.



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Tom Seaver cries for his Maypo, Joe Namath cuts it for 10 grand and Schick, and athletes everywhere take an all-American step into the rewarding world of advertising endorsements

by FRANK DEFORD

HOT PITCHMEN IN



It is alleged that modern athletes have gone to seed. Spoiled, undisciplined, long-haired, soft-nosed, registered to vote, they are not nearly so dependable as their forebears, a sturdy lot who contented themselves by sitting about hotel lobbies expectorating accurately toward potted palms. But then, who can you look up to anymore? Our other traditional all-American heroes have even more flies on them. Businessmen are held in low repute. Judges are viewed as wise only when examining over-the-counter stock possibilities. Our best politicians have gone back a far pace; they are today not nearly so adept at graft as our military men. Movie stars are no longer pretty, but, in fact, are valued for average looks. Once there were all those famous

continued

THE SELLING GAME



legs, breasts, biceps and cleft chins. Now we have only Paul Newman's eyes—and it has been years since he was divorced. By default, and since they no longer throw games, athletes are about the only people left we can trust.

So it is that in selling, which, after all, is what trusting is mostly about, athletes have ascended to a position of eminence. There is hardly a street corner left in the land that does not contain a hamburger establishment named after a sports star. In the old days athletes used to tend bar in the off season, now no saloon has a chance unless some jock has been given a piece of the action to front for it. Politicians cherish the athlete's endorsement. John Lindsay stayed so close to the Mets down the stretch that he came to resemble a banner. The military is forever bundling groups of pros off to the Pacific, so the peace movement is countering with Tom Seaver, whether he likes it or not. Athletes are placed on boards of directors and on municipal commissions. Above all, they are on display across the land pushing products of every design and type.

"The athlete provides recognition," says Steve Arnold, one of the founders of Pro Sports, Inc., a company that represents athletes in their sundry negotiations. "More than that, he also supplies the image. For most people the athlete is still the all-American boy. Actors, on the other hand, are actors, and there is the suspicion that they are always acting. That's the last thing you want when you hire somebody to endorse your product. The athlete provides sincerity."

Employing athletes as barkers is nothing new. The memory rolls with visions of scores of oldtimers reading haltingly, struggling with a script as they did with their written contracts, holding up some overwhelmed product in a meaty paw and, with misplaced inflection and all the wrong pauses, saying things like: "It tastes good, and it's good for you, too." Mercifully, there is more sophistication to the art now, if only because a run-of-the-mill 30-second spot will cost something like $1,000 a second and nobody in advertising is going to let a clod athlete louse up that kind of money as if it were a simple double-play ball. Athletes who make commercials now find themselves repeating endless takes for a whole day or two just to get their few seconds on camera right. But then, as Joe Kuharich might say, it is rare but not unusual for an athlete to make up to $25,000 for suffering such indignities.

There are still commercials shown that are agonizingly painful to witness, but for the most part athletes have reached a status where they are at least more capable than the other largest group of amateur advertisers—those unfortunate droves of housewives who go on at length about various detergents. Though athletes have made discomfiting appearances in commercials recently, the error often must be seored against the agency for inappropriate casting. When Y. A. Tittle was at his peak with the Giants, a woman representative of an ad agency actually called up an agent and asked if Tittle would appear in a hair tonic commercial. The agent tactfully suggested a substitute player with hair. Juan Marichal was signed to make some San Francisco radio spots for Saxon apple juice—"It will make you feel strong." Bay Area listeners were regularly treated to hearing Marichal, in his Spanish accent, declare what surely sounded like: "Sex and apple juice will make you feel strong."

The man who has employed athletes most effectively is George Lois, the 37-year-old president of Lois Holland Callaway Inc., a hot young New York advertising firm that has recently branched out into other areas—notably with Mantle Men & Namath Girls, Inc., which in a few months has become one of the largest employment agencies in New York. Brilliant and aggressive, even pugilistic, Lois had a basketball-baseball scholarship to Syracuse, but instead took a half scholarship for basketball at Pratt Institute in New York. He remains a complete sports nut, which is perhaps the prime reason why athletes fare so much better in his commercials. "Most of them know that it's good for them and that it will be hard for them to make fools of themselves," Lois says, "but they also know I'm a fan and I don't want to embarrass them."

"George Lois is a genius," says an account supervisor at another large agency, "but he has also got to be the only president of any company in this country who must spend $1,000 a year on adhesive tape. George takes the last part of every day in his office taping his ankles so he can go straight from there to play basketball or softball or volleyball or whatever else fool thing he is playing." While Lois was still working on the Volkswagen account at Doyle Dane Bernbach Inc., he once became annoyed during a meeting with VW officials in Germany. He felt the Germans were not exhibiting enough appreciation of his references to baseball. Lois, who is a big-boned, angular man, suddenly stood up, threw back his chair, dashed toward the end of the room and crashed artfully to the rug at full speed. The astonished Germans stared as the mad American returned to his chair. "Now that," Lois said, "is what I mean when I talk about sliding into second base."

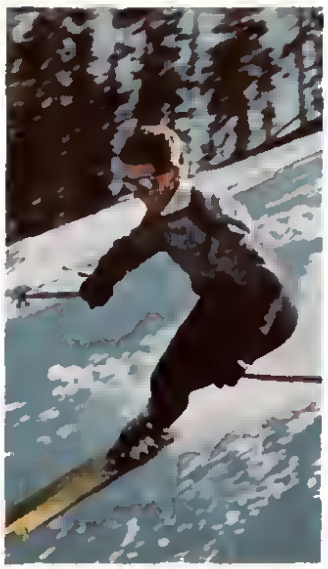
Lois has formulated a premise for deciding when to utilize an athlete for a commercial. "There are only certain circumstances when an athlete is applicable," he says. "The ad must transcend the fact that you are using an athlete. You just don't say, hey, let's get a ballplayer for this. There must be a legitimate reason. You use an athlete only when it is apt to do so or, on the other side of the coin, in never-never land, when it is so ridiculous to use an athlete that it's a good bit for everybody. That's what we did for Braniff when we used Sonny Liston listening to Andy Warhol talk about painting and Salvador Dali discussing baseball with Whitey Ford.

"The horrible thing is to catch the athlete between these extremes, when he is neither being himself nor putting the world on. No commercial in recent years, for instance, was more pathetic and artificial than the Brylcreem one with Joe DiMaggio. There was Joe, all alone in that corny locker room talking with deadly seriousness about this hair thing, and you cringed with embarrassment.

continued









The Freedom Ski.

Independence Day when you first ski on Stein Eriksen's L-21 when you're free of chatter vibration and flutter. Our exclusive *independent action* does it. A special neoprene rubber cushion *beneath* the core allows the edges and bottoms of your L-21s to move independently of the tops. The bottoms absorb the bumps and shocks. The edges bite and hold better than ever. You have more confidence more freedom to ski the way you want to ski. Stein designed the L-21 for skiers who want to declare their own independence. Isn't it time you did, too? $150

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Dunstable — Dick Snell
East Longmeadow — Sl Haus
Fitchburg — Andy s Sport Shop
Framingham — Bob Johnsou Indoor Sk School
Gardner — Converse Sporting Goods
Great Barrington — Stimmel Bros
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Holyoke — Mt Tom Ski Assn
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Ipswich — Country Road Ski Shop
Lawrence — Bridsmith s
Lawrence — Lowell Ski Area
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Wilmington — La Favour Ski Shop
Worcester — Sk. Haus
Worcester — Strand s Ski Shop

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Flint — Ski Haus
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Grayling — Grayling Motorsports
Grosse Point Woods — Schoenmer s Ski and Mtns Shop
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Hastings — Hastings Hardware
Hill City — Quadna Mountain
Mankato — Jud's Sporting Goods
Minneapolis — The Ski Shop
Minneapolis — Alpine Ski Shop
Minneapolis — Dayton's (all stores)
Minneapolis — Sportsworld
Moorhead — Sportland Inc.
Rochester — Fritsch s
Rochester — Tyrol Ski Shop
St Cloud — Fitzharris Athletic Supply
St Paul — Joe's Ski Shop
St Paul — Midwest Sports Corp
White Bear Lake — Ni Tenop Ski Shop

MONTANA
Anaconda — Duval Wallace Co.
Billings — Shane's Ski Hut
Bozeman — Beaver Pond Sporting Goods
Bozeman — Hausmann s Ski and Cy Imp Shop
Butte — Toronto Stain Sporting Goods
Dillon — McCracken Bros
Great Falls — Great Falls Sporting Goods Co
Helena — Da Ski Shop
Missoula — Gall Ski Shop
Missoula — Montana Sports

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Bartlett — Jacquelyns Ski Shop
Claremont — Mill s Sport Shop
Concord — Haggett s Sport Shop
Derry — Denton s Hardware
Dublin — Bilderness Corp.
Dover — Weslyn Auto
East Madison — Ning Pins Ski Area
Intervale — Mittersill Sport Shop
Hanover — James Campion
Rochester — Pat s Phil
Tilton — Boy s Boo Shop
Keene — Jumi Rizzoldi Sport Shop
Laconia — Piche Ski Shop
Manchester — J J Matsou
Manchester — The Ski Shop
Nashua — Pettirs Ski Shop
Newport — Bob s Sport Shop inc
North Conway — Jos Fenna Shop
North Woodstock — Ski Meister
Peterborough — Tempis Mt Ski Area
Plymouth — Guinan s Dugout
Portsmouth — Gallagher's
Rochester — Ayres and Jenkins
Wolfeboro — B L Nulsey

NEW JERSEY
Elizabeth — Springville Ski Shop
Morristown — Inside Edge Ski Shop
Ramsey — M B Curry s Sport Store
Saddle River — Bud Lose Ski Shop

NEW YORK
Albany — Moe Englemon Inc.
Auburn — Towne Ski Shop
Binghamton — Bob Nelse s Sporting Goods
Brewsterville — Berry s Sports
Buffalo — Sp s Ski Shop
Commack L I — Dan Fischer Inc
Cortland — Gibbons Sport Shop
Elmira — Sundsen Ski Shop
Glens Falls — Milner Heyn Sk Haus Inc
Gloversville — Fall Line Sk Shop
Greenwich — Gloversville Sport Shop
Hudson Falls — Willard Mt Ski Shop
Hunter Mountain — Moran s Sporting Shop
Ithaca — Hunter Mountain Ski Shop
Jamestown — Ithaca Sporting Goods
Kingston — Jamestown Cycle Shop
Latham — Potter Bros Sporting Goods
Liverpool — Bachelor Sport Shop
New York City — Liverpool Sports Center
North Syracuse — Abercrombie and Fitch
Nyack — Marshall s Sports
Plattsburgh — House of Power
Potsdam — Mitchell s Ski and Sport
Rochester — Potsdam Ski N Sports
Rochester — Gosslin Gentlemens
Rochester — Manworthy s Ski Haus
Rockville — Sibleys Lindsay & Curr
Troy — Andy s Sporting Goods
Utica — Nisin s All Sports
Utica — Utica Sporting Goods
Valhalla — The Ski Rack
Williamsville — York Town Custom Arms

OHIO
Akron — Skobs
Amba — Mittenbrook Flying Service
Barnesville — Adams Ski Shop
Bellefontaine — Newman Sisco Co
Cleveland — Viking Ski Shop
Toledo

OREGON
Baker — Dusche Sage Holdsuge s
Portland — Sedal Sports Inc
Portland — Mountain Shop
Portland — Ski Chalet
Salem — Anderson Sporting Goods

RHODE ISLAND
No Providence — Pine Top Ski And
North Smithfield — Sports Bargout
Providence — Alpine Ski Shop
Pawtucket — S/C Dors e and Apparrels

UTAH
Ogden — Perkins Ltd.

VERMONT
Brandon — High Pond Farm And
Brattleboro — Bairnes Sport Shop
Brattleboro — J Galpens and Son
Burlington — Lou s Ski Shop
Burlington — Ski Shop
Burlington — Wheeler's Sporting Goods
Killington — Sunburst's Ski Shop
Manchester Center — Wond s Ski Shop
Middlebury — Ski Haus
Montpelier — Sport Nuts
Newport — Slalom Shop
Peru — Dromley Shop
St Albans — Donkey Sporting Goods
St Johnsbury — C H Dean
South Burlington — Alpine Shop
Stowe — Stratton and Quarriot
Stowe — Village Ski Shop
Stratton — Norse House
Taftsville — Shelburne Corp.
Westfield — Norse House
West Dover — Mt. Snow Ski Shop
White River — Barges

WISCONSIN
Appleton — Briggeon Brothers
Delavan — Trailhaugen Sl I Area
Green Bay — Berlund's
Hayward — Mt Telemark
Janesville — Pipke Conveyor Prod Co
Madison — Patric i Sport Shop
Madison — Sportsman s Newse
Marinette — Jenquin Hardware
Menomonie — Sport Shop
Milwaukee — Leaders and Joys
Milwaukee — Les Meiss
Milwaukee — Sport Dept
Rhinelander — Lakewood
Wausau — Sport Shop
Walmut — Wilmot Mt.

WYOMING
Afton — Gardner Ski Shop
Buffalo — Buffalo Ski Shop
Cody — Cody Sporting Goods
Jackson — Jackson Sporting Goods
Jackson — Teton Village Sports
Laramie — Lou s Sport Shop
Rawlins — Ba ldeermanon

...and declare your own independence!

NORTHLAND

DIVISION OF LARSON INDUSTRIES, INC. • LE CENTER, MINNESOTA 56057

Ski

at St. Moritz, Davos, Garmisch, Kitzbuhel, Megev, and Gstaad.

Lowest group fares in history by major scheduled jet airlines. No organization membership is required, and we form the groups.

For example, when you travel to Zurich:

1. You prepay a total of:	**$295**
2. The hotel voucher is worth:	**$ 60**
3. So, the real cost of your round trip is:	**$235**

The $60 covers modest accommodations for two weeks (one week in St. Moritz and one week in Davos) or it can be applied toward different accommodations. The $235 cost figure includes transportation to the resorts and back to the airports.

TWO-WEEK TRIPS						
Trip #	Leave New York	Return to New York	Total Prepaid (Peak Season)	Total Prepaid (Shoulder Season)	Less Accommodation Voucher	Real Cost of Round Trip
ZURICH						
150	Jan 24	Feb 7	$295	—	$60	$235
355	Feb 15	Mar 1	$295	—	$60	$235
356	Mar 1	Mar 15	$295	—	$60	$235
374	Mar 15	Mar 29	$295	—	$60	$235
GENEVA						
117	Dec 19	Jan 2	—	$312	$60	$252
119	Jan 10	Jan 24	$295	—	$60	$235
340	Jan 19	Feb 2	$295		$60	$235
120	Feb 14	Feb 28	$295		$60	$235
341	Feb 23	Mar 9	$295	—	$60	$235
342	Mar 2	Mar 16	$295	—	$60	$235
MUNICH						
121	Dec 21	Jan 4	—	$317	$60	$257
345	Jan 16	Jan 30	$300		$60	$240
346	Feb 8	Feb 22	$300	—	$60	$240
347	Feb 27	Mar 13	$300	—	$60	$240

Travel Wholesalers International, 1707 L Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036 (202) 296-9161.

All you thought of was: How can poor Joe be that bad off? He must really need the money to do that."

By contrast, for Edwards & Hanly, a New York brokerage house, Lois used two athletes who came right out and started talking directly about their sensitive pasts. One commercial had Mickey Mantle, with a stupid grin, face into the camera and declare: "When I first came up to the big leagues, I was a grinnin', shufflin', head-duckin' country boy. Well, I'm still a country boy, but I know a man down at Edwards & Hanly. I'm learnin'. I'm learnin'."

In the other spot Joe Louis was even more to the point, plaintively asking: "Edwards & Hanly, where were you when I needed you?" The resulting effect was not one of embarrassment but, rather, of a kind of catharsis, and viewers rushed to entrust their money to a brokerage business that was able to induce such admiration among its clients that they would bare their souls on its behalf.

Perhaps the classic—and surely the most publicized—sports commercial was made last year when Joe Namath shaved off his Fu Manchu mustache with a Schick electric razor. The commercial got columns of newspaper attention, but curiously Schick Electric, Inc. and its agency, Dancer-Fitzgerald-Sample, Inc., scheduled it only as part of a Christmas campaign. The commercial appeared but a single time on each network, and while everybody knew that Namath made $10,000 just shaving, very few people knew who paid him or with what kind of instrument he dispatched the bush.

Lois' second class of acceptable commercials, the never-never land, is best exemplified by the Maypo campaign, which has probably utilized more of the nation's best athletes than any other advertising effort. The ads require that our greatest he-men must cry for Maypo. This gimmick has raised Maypo sales more than 10%, which is particularly impressive since hot breakfast cereals are no longer *de rigueur* on American breakfast tables. The Maypo commercials even have an underground art quality to them, because they are shown almost exclusively on kiddies' daytime TV and few adults have ever seen them. The Dallas Cowboys were mystified last year when young fans started congregating around Don Meredith and crying in imitation of his Maypo performance. Mantle, Wilt Chamberlain, Oscar Robertson, John Unitas, Ray Nitschke and Willie Mays are others who have cried for Maypo, although Mays was initially skeptical, fearing the ad might damage his well-cultivated "Say Hey" image.

Lois is expanding on the Maypo scenario this year and going for more plot. Last year there was no variation, save for Meredith, who ad-libbed "I want it" at the end of his spot, a bit of innovative histrionics that has led Lois to exclaim, "Meredith may be the best actor who ever lived." This year Maypo will feature Gil Hodges and Tom Seaver—who are, apparently, destined to appear in every commercial this side of feminine hygiene—in an original drama of the dugout, and, in the second half of the twin bill, Carl Yastrzemski and his mother will be seen discussing Maypo in a simulated breakfast nook. You know it is simulated, because the clock in the background is set at 8:25 and ballplayers are never up that early, except perhaps for sex and apple juice.

So cut now to a studio on the West Side of New York, when it really is about 8 in the morning. Mrs. Yastrzemski, escorted by her husband, arrives to make her TV debut for Maypo. She is gracious, fine-featured, gray-haired, perfectly cast as the hypotenuse in an all-American triangle of baseball, cereal and motherhood. Mrs. Yastrzemski's name is Hattie, but everyone on the set calls her dear.

Carl, who played a doubleheader the day before in Boston, does not have as early a call as his mother, because he does not appear until the second act of the half-minute script. First, Mrs. Yastrzemski must explain to viewers how difficult her son was in the morning until she switched to Maypo.

Made up, Mrs. Yastrzemski begins

continued



Pop art's Andy Warhol gets Sonny Liston's semi-glower in Braniff's seatmate campaign.

to rehearse her opening speech with Ron Holland, Lois' partner. Men from various unions appear and start adjusting the height of the cabinet behind which Mrs. Yaz stands. Four different people, all calling her dear, adjust her apron bow at once. She goes over and over the opening speech—all 22 words of it. TV commercials, just like dramatic TV, are knitted, not created.

Yaz arrives as they are filming his mother's first takes. He stands with his father, and they watch together, mixing pride with a certain bemusement. One more take.

"You ready, dear?"

"Give us the bells, please," says Joe, the cameraman. Bells ring for silence.

"Roll 'em, please."

The TelePrompTer starts rolling. "My name is Hattie Yastrzemski. I had no luck in getting my son Carl to eat oatmeal until I switched to Maypo."

"End sticks," someone says. Bang! Everybody likes it.

Unfortunately, the lady with a stopwatch in charge of timing the segment says the bit is a second too long, so they start reshooting while Carl, pausing for a beer, puts a uniform shirt on. Baseball and the other major sports frown on their athletes appearing in their real uniforms unless someone kicks in for the privilege. The agencies sidestep this ploy by building their own uniforms. A lady comes in with a red B, just like the Boston B, to go on a blue cap she has that is just like the Boston blue cap. Yaz says he wouldn't know the difference himself, except that the hat is four sizes too big.

He comes out and watches while a medium closeup of the cereal itself is prepared. Since the rules were changed and you cannot use any artificial effects, such as substituting shaving cream for whipped cream and the like, there is a lady off to the side brewing tubfuls of real Maypo. She is mass-producing the stuff. "Get some hot cereal," someone cries, and she dishes out a bowl and rushes it to the table. Joe the cameraman peers through the lens. "I have smoke," he cries with excitement. The real steam can be seen.

But there is fraud in the air. Yaz comes over to his place at the table and sits down. And down and down. You can see the steam through the lens better than Yaz. "We should have got Frank Howard," Lois says, putting in a rush order for the Manhattan phone book. Get that, kids: Carl Yastrzemski eats Maypo, but he still has to sit on a telephone book at the kitchen table.

"All right," Joe says after a few more adjustments, "let's get a fresh bowl in there and try a few."

This is not the crying scene. They will do that last. In this scene Carl is supposed to say, "They also make chocolate and banana Maypo," and then his mother will pat him sweetly on the head for being so clever. Yaz tries, but Holland wants more expression. "Carl, be foolish, enthusiastic, ridiculous. Move your eyebrows."

Lois (aside): "If you get them before the cameras and can keep them there long enough, they'll eventually get so tired they'll do what you want."

At last it is time for a few cries, but Yaz, now perched on a high stool for the closeup, becomes self-conscious and is not up to the task. He is not crying at all well. Lois and Holland fret. Finally Lois says, "All right, let's tear him up. The other guys all did it better when they had the tears." A tear lady appears with an eyedropper and starts to put just the right number of tears on Yaz' face. It works. Immediately, although of course he cannot see himself, Yaz sounds as sad as he looks. He is, in fact, a very good crier. No Alec Guinness, you understand, no Don Meredith, but still a very good crier.

"Think like you just got a $500 fine," Lois says. The tears are running short. The tear lady is put on guard. "I want my Maypo," Yaz says, crying again. "All right, replenish the tears," Holland calls out. "Fast with them, we're going to keep rolling." She rushes in with the tear dispatcher and hurriedly fixes him up. "All right, fly out, dear, fly out, we're filming." Yaz braces on the stool, surveying the scene. "I want my Maypo," he wails. It is beginning to look as if he really wants to cry.

That Yastrzemski ever got to the Maypo high chair is something of a switch, for by far the largest share of national endorsement plums goes to athletes on New York teams. Recently this parochialism has been diminishing, although now that New York teams are winning again the Madison Avenue purview appears to be narrowing once more. Obviously part of the reason for the bias is ignorance, a lot of agency men have never heard of any but New York athletes. They go to a party and everybody is talking about the Giants, so they presume, apparently, that this random sampling is evidence that everybody in America is interested in the Giants. So they look no further when it is time to seek an endorsement.

Similarly, the agencies reinforce each other. Once an athlete gets a foot in the door and makes one commercial he is a good bet to make another. To Madison Avenue, a player who made a razor commercial is, *ipso facto*, better known than some stiff who is only hitting .335 with 43 home runs. Why? Because he made a commercial.

To be sure, the New York bias is not alone the province of admen. The national media are just as guilty, and at the other end of the country a similar disproportionate amount of attention and outside employment is lavished on Los Angeles athletes, whose payoff is TV and movie scripts. The man who suffers everywhere—East and West—is the black athlete, but as long as the U.S. consumer population is better than 85% white, white athletes will be selected for endorsements in great numbers even though more than half of the star athletes in the country's primary sports are black. To this day Frank Robinson has never been approached for a national endorsement. Jim Brown did not get one until 1965, his final season. Less than 1% of Bob Gibson's outside income derives from national endorsements. Heavyweight Champion Joe Frazier has never endorsed a product. Hopefully, his first commercial will not come 25 years from now, standing before a television camera saying, "Madison Avenue,

We do something they don't do.



We put our imported Canadian O.F.C. in a sparkling Dominion teardrop bottle. All year round. They don't.

We seal it with a cork. Like vintage wine. Rare brandy. They don't.

We taste-test it 120 times a day. Before it's barrelled. During blending.

Our mellow, imported Canadian is something special. From the top, down.

And that's something worth remembering.

Blended Canadian Whisky. Distilled, taste-tested, bottled and corked in Valleyfield, P.Q., Canada.
6 years old. 86.8 proof. © Schenley Distillers Co., N.Y.C.



Previewing JVC's exciting holiday collection.

JVC's fashion-conscious designers emphesize styling *plus* performence in this memorable holidey collection . . . stereo mesterpieces of electronic elegence, redios for every mood end every pocket, tape recorders for endurling holidey memories and the world's smertest line of color end bleck & white television receivers. Write for the name of the JVC dealer nearest you end let him help brighten your holidays.

Superb radios. JVC offers the world's most complete selection, from the 2.2 lbs. portebie 8203 to the clessic 9450, e solid stete AM/FM stereo component with built-in cessette recorder. And velues right down the line.

Stereophonic excellence. A few exemples of the best thet money can buy: the 4320 AM/FM stereo compact, e merve! of min-leturization; the powerful 5009, e 140 wett receiver equipped with JVC's unique Sound Effect Amplifier (S.E.A.); the new 5303 omni-directionel speeker system; the 6102 eutometic 4-speed stereo changer with 8-track stereo tape player, end the solid state 9810, en AM/FM stereo mini-component elso with 8-track stereo player.

Unriveled color television. Model 7438, e teble type, gives you 180 sq. in. of brilliant color viewing, while the ultra-compact 7208, provides 102 sq. in.

Dramatic black & white TV. Swivel-mounted model 5210 is fest becoming the world's top seller, but also in great demand are the 2420 (75 sq. in. viewing) and the 2820 (184 sq. in.), both with black screens.

Hendsome tape recorders. Get eil the happy sounds of the sesson on tape with one of these fine recorders: the 4-track 3-speed stereo recorder 1224 or the equelly professional 8-track stereo cartridge pleyer/recorder deck 1250; the 1310, 8-track car stereo with IC circuitry; the 2-speed AC/DC portable 1561, or the portebie 1620 with built-in AM radio.

Catching On Fast **JVC**

JVC America, Inc., 50-35, 56th Road, Maspeth, New York, N.Y. 11378 A Subsidiary of Victor Company of Japan, Limited, Tokyo, Japan



"I'll have a Hennessy Very Superior Old Pale Reserve Cognac, thank you."

The Taste of Success

Every drop of Hennessy V.S.O.P. Reserve is Grande Fine Champagne Cognac.
It's made solely from grapes grown in La Grande Champagne—the small district in the Cognac region which is the source of the very greatest Cognac.
What's more, Hennessy is selected from the largest reserves of aged Cognacs in existence.
Enjoy a taste of success today..



Hennessy V.S.O.P. Reserve Cognac

Hennessy V.S.O.P. Reserve Cognac

Invest in an industrial engineer? A. G. Edwards & Sons did.

Here's what happened:



Carter Lewis was graduated as an industrial engineer. And today he is helping to build businesses through corporate financing.

Mr Lewis came to A G. Edwards in 1965 from making business loans for a large insurance firm. Now, as our Vice-President in charge of New Business, he helps plan and arrange financing for new and expanding companies.

Carter Lewis is an example of the kind of investment opportunity we at A G. Edwards like best —one that enables us to enlarge and enhance our services.

In providing these services, nothing can take the place of the considered judgment of intelligent, well-trained, dedicated men and women.

That's why, at A. G Edwards our most important investment is in people.

A. G. Edwards & Sons, Inc.

ESTABLISHED 1887

Members New York Stock Exchange and Other Leading Exchanges
Main office 409 North Eighth Street, St Louis Mo 63101
56 Offices Throughout the Midwest and South

OUR 160TH ANNIVERSARY SCOTCH YOU POUR IT FROM A STATUE



THE EPIC SERIES
Your choice of:
The Discus Thrower.
The Gladiator.
The Charioteers.
Mercury.
(Each figure stands out in three-dimensional glory.)



We set aside a choice Scotch to celebrate the 160th birthday of George Ballantine, and commissioned a sculptor to create a series of bottles you will want to keep. Each features an heroic figure sculptured in deep relief against a velvet-textured background.

Like all heroes, they are one of a kind. We literally threw away the mold when we made them.

The Epic Series will never be repeated. They're at your liquor store now.

BALLANTINE'S SCOTCH. THE EPIC SERIES

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.



Waldech . . . not generally available, but if you appreciate beer, it's worth looking for.



Carl Yastrzemski, trying to act up to the mood of the moment, practices his cereal sulks

where were you when I needed you?"

But there has been some change in this area. O. J. Simpson's $250,000 contract with Chevrolet is one of the largest athletic endorsement deals ever, and whenever groups of athletes are used in ads there is sure to be at least one Negro. Jantzen, for instance, integrated its celebrity sports panel with Timmy Brown. Matt Snell is one of four Jets singing for Score hair dressing. Desenex foot powder, which first employed Jimmy Brown, has used Oscar Robertson with Jerry Lucas and Elgin Baylor with Jerry West. Ideal Toy used Stan Mikita, Pete Rose, Gale Sayers and Cazzie Russell in a group bit.

The Chicago Cubs worked out a unique arrangement among themselves this year with a promoter who prefers to identify himself as a "merchandising agent." The Cubs agreed to share equally all endorsement moneys, even if only one player was used. This concept was supposed to promote team solidarity, and it may have at first, but the socialistic Cubs grew so money conscious that it seemed only a matter of time before they would bill Mayor Daley for plugging CHICAGO across their road uniforms.

That endorsement money is distributed to a greater cross section of players today is accounted for in large measure by the new breed of players' agents or representatives. These men essentially serve a liaison function as they try to match the right athlete with a commercial campaign an agency or corporation has in mind. They also have driven the players' asking prices up. In 1964, when Steve Arnold was acting as a lawyer for an ad agency, he went to negotiate with a top quarterback for a commercial. He hoped to get the famous signal-caller for something slightly under the several thousand dollars that had been budgeted for his services for a couple of hours work. Arnold asked the cagey check-off artist what *he* considered fair. "Does $100 an hour seem too much?" the dummy asked. When Arnold returned to New York he told the story to another young lawyer, Marty Blackman, and they formed Pro Sports, Inc.

Attorney Bob Woolf steered Ken Harrelson to a financial bonanza last year. Chuck Barnes, O. J. Simpson's man, began by lifting racing drivers out of the grease pits. It is estimated that golfers still average higher endorsement fees than stars in any other sport, and this is almost entirely due to Mark McCormack, who pioneered the modern athlete-business concept with Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player.

The boom has brought quick-buck artists onto the scene, too. "A lot of them are just giving everybody a fast pitch," Lois says. "If he is really representing an athlete, an agent should be thinking how he can get this guy into something respected, even meaningful, and not just get him to shill for everything that comes along. Bill Bradley has so far refused to make any endorsements, and I believe he is more right than he is wrong."

In any event, even a star white New York ballplayer with a hotshot agent is not guaranteed huge endorsement success. Only a handful can ever make it big over any extended period of time, because so few athletes have a high recognition factor—"good numbers"—among the whole consumer population. "You sit around with your sport-fan friends," Lois says, "and you think everybody in America must be familiar with the stars. But who have you got now that everybody, really everybody, recognizes? I mean using the criterion of walking down the street and having everyone know exactly who you are. Mantle, Namath, Muhammad Ali, Joe Louis, Wilt Chamberlain—and with Wilt it is mostly because he is so tall.

"The best way to find out if an athlete is really well-known is to ask your wife. I asked mine once if she knew who Johnny Unitas was. She had heard the name, that was all. I told her he was a quarterback, and then all that interested her was the name—unite-us, how appropriate that was for a quarterback. That was it.

"On the other hand, the rare athlete who does gain a universal reputation is better known than any movie star or politician. You ever walk down the street with Mickey Mantle or Joe Louis? You can't do it. Everybody knows them. It's phenomenal."

continued

Leaving aside, then, the small coterie of truly recognized sports stars, it may be financially more profitable for the pretty good pro not to be located in New York or Los Angeles or Washington. In most of the other major league cities, the local sports heroes are often the only genuine celebrities. Indeed, in places like Cincinnati, St. Louis, Baltimore and even Philadelphia the local athletes' prime competition for endorsements comes only from sports announcers: Waite Hoyt, Jack Buck, Charlie Eckman or Pete Retzlaff (before he became general manager of the Eagles). In Detroit the athletes mainly battle against a TV weatherman and a talk-type disc jockey for endorsement loot.

Kansas City is typical of the smaller-city syndrome, where the athlete is the only name in town. This summer four of the Royals, who surely couldn't even get listed alphabetically at Celebrity Service in New York, were used to endorse Smaks, a drive-in hamburger chain. Dick Halstead, who runs the agency that represents Smaks, selected Lou Piniella, Joe Foy, Moe Drabowsky and Eli Rodriguez more or less by employing a form of the Lois wife test on himself. Halstead is no sports fan at all. "Their names were vaguely familiar to me," he says, "so I figured if I knew who they were, then almost everyone would.

"From a believability standpoint, I just don't know how effective it has been but, after all, a hamburger is a hamburger is a hamburger and this is a different way of saying the same thing. Also, in using baseball players for Smaks we emphasized the point that both the team and Smaks are home-town enterprises."

Far from being penalized for not playing in New York, the not-so-super pro athlete benefits from being one of the few stars in a small heaven. Steve Stonebreaker, a former linebacker for the New Orleans Saints, would have been lucky to pick up a hundred bucks plugging a used-car lot in the game program if he played in New York or Los Angeles. But in 1967 in New Orleans, Stonebreaker became the patron saint of all journeymen when he reached his goal of matching his salary with income from endorsements and other outside promotional activities.

Admittedly, Stonebreaker is an exception. He became a local institution when he threw a punch on the field during a game. New Orleans fans had seen their team pushed around enough to delight in this aggressive behavior. But other athletes have found themselves suddenly in demand for advertisements where their unusual shapes, habits or attitudes can be used to advantage. Wilt Chamberlain climbs into a Volkswagen. Phil Linz blows a harmonica. Denny McLain pumps a Hammond organ. Jim Palmer eats pancakes. Ray Graves and his Gators go for Gatorade. All 26 pro football right guards favor a certain deodorant. Lew Burdette extols Mail Pouch chewing tabacco—"Bring back the spitter." Don Drysdale has no grease in his hair. Graham Hill pulls in for some gas. Joe Pepitone reaches for a hair spray. Barbara Jo Rubin keeps her apprentice allowance with Metrecal. And so it goes, as agency imaginations search the locker rooms for the most appropriate images for their products.

Now, for the glory of Bayer Decongestant Capsules, Gump Worsley is discovered sitting in the corner of a Montreal hotel room at 11 p.m. trying desperately, after all these years, to learn overnight to speak good French.

At 41—or more—Worsley may still be the best goalie in hockey. A stumpy, rumpled crew-cut man, he is altogether lovable and would surely have become Yogi Berra if Joe Garagiola had lived down his block. Everybody in Canada knows The Gumper. By contrast, Bayer Decongestant Capsules are going into only their third year on the Canadian market, and they have yet to make the playoffs against league-leading Contac.

Dancer-Fitzgerald-Sample, the New York agency that handles the Bayer account, decided that the problem was primarily one of image. Gump was selected as the image of *La Capsule Bayer*. He is, after all, not only a distinctive personality but distinctively Canadian, as well. Besides, not only is hockey very Canadian, the hockey season just happens

continued

SPALDING'S LEARN-TO-SKI HEADQUARTERS

ILLINOIS
Barrington — Darkens Sporting Shop
Chicago — Chicago Ski Shop
Chicago — Cook's Sportcraft Co
Chicago — Klein's Sporting Goods
Chicago — Win-Sum Ski Shop
Evanston — Tack L. Tyler Ski Shop
Geneva — The Ski Shop
Glenview — Scandinavian Ski Shop
Hoffman Estates — Omega Sport Shop
Joliet — Bob Mussers Sport Shop
Lake Forrest — The Outdoorsman
McHenry — McHenry Favorite Sports Shop
Moline — Sportland
Mt Prospect — Willy's Ski Shop
Oaklawn — Oaklawn Ski & Sports
Palatine — Pro Sport Center
Parkridge — Norse Trader
Rockford — Rockford Sport Shop
Rockford — The Ski Shop
Volo — Munson Marine
Westmont — Sun & Snow, Inc
Winnetka — Hubbard Woods Ski Shop

INDIANA
Elkhart — The Sportsman, Inc
Fort Wayne — Main Auto & Sports
Fort Wayne — Root's Ski Haus
Indianapolis — Alpine Haus
Kokomo — Sanburn, Inc
South Bend — Sonnchurn Sports Shop

IOWA
Des Moines — Slinker Sporting Goods

KANSAS
Overland Park — Sitzmark Ski & Sun
Topeka — The Team Sporting Goods
Wichita — Wichita Sporting Goods

MICHIGAN
Battle Creek — J. Pearl Sports Center
Birmingham — Don Thomas Sportshaus
Bloomfield Hills — Bavarian Village Ski Shops
Dearborn — Schneiders Sports Shop
Detroit — Dees Sport Shop
Detroit — Griswold Sporting Goods
East Lansing — Sportsmester
Flint — Abbey's
Flint — All Sports Equipment Co
Grand Ledge — Jim Earl Sports
Grand Rapids — Bill & Paul's Sportshaus
Howell — Pomeroy's
Kalamazoo — Lee's
Kalamazoo — Schau-Powell
Lansing — Bill & Paul's Sportshaus
Lansing — J W Knapp Co
Lathrop Village — Bavarian Village Ski Shops
Livonia — Griswold Sporting Goods
Gaylord — Marzolph's Alphorn
Mt Clemens — Bavarian Village Ski Shops
Pontiac — Griswold Sporting Goods
Royal Oak — Schneiders Sport Shop
Saginaw — Morley Brothers
Traverse City — Bilmar's Sports

MINNESOTA
St Paul — Sea & Ski Center
St Paul — Sitzmark Ski Shop

MISSOURI
Creve Coeur — Peck's Sport & Marine Sales

NEBRASKA
Omaha — Sports Corner

OHIO
Akron — M O'Neil's
Bellbrook — Adam's Ski Shop
Bellfontaine — Adam's Ski Shop
Bowling Green — Reddish Bros Sporting Goods
Cincinnati — Brendamour Sporting Goods
Cleveland — Hille Brothers
Columbus — Skiba Inc
Dayton — Rike's
Mansfield — Skiba of Snow Trails
Toledo — Reddish Bros Sporting Goods
Youngstown — Pallay's Ski Shop

OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City — Andy Anderson's
Tulsa — Sportsman's Sporting Goods

WISCONSIN
East Troy — Alpine Valley Ski Lodge
Kenosha — Nehlsen's Sport Shop
Lake Geneva — Playboy Club Ski Shop
Madison — Perg Pearson Sports
Madison — Petrie's Sporting Goods
Milwaukee — Les Moise Sport Shop
Oshkosh — Joe's Sport Shop

If you ever wanted to learn to ski, here is the week to do it!



Now you've got an irresistible incentive to really do something about learning to ski. Spalding (big in sports as long as anybody can remember) has it all arranged.
A gala week of lessons and good times at America's most glamorous ski resorts.



Stunningly beautiful worlds in themselves. Brimming with every pleasure in the book.

Here where winter is all squeaky-clean snow, thick purring pines and hot blue skies, you'll learn your skiing ABC's from the best instructors there are. (All ski instruction under the technical advisement of the Professional Ski Instructors of America.) In their skilled hands, you'll find out what you should have a long time ago: that skiing is as easy as walking. Only ten times more fun! In just a few days your progress will amaze you. By the end of the week, you'll be skimming away on your own. Free as a bird. And feeling more alive than you've ever felt in your life!

But easy now! You've got a lot more coming on your blast of a Learn-to-Ski Week. Spalding has lined up so many great things for you to do, you'll be on the go every second. At fondue and cocktail parties. Dances, special movies and thrilling races. Every day will be excitingly different!

This is how to learn to ski! And learn all about the exhilarating life your ski friends don't exaggerate! Only thing is, because registration *is* limited, you'd be wise to sign up right away for the Learn-To-Ski Week you prefer. So beat it over to the Spalding Learn-To-Ski headquarters closest to where you live. Today is the day to do it!

Pick the time and place here for your Spalding Learn-To-Ski Week:
Killington, Vermont Dec. 7-14
Jackson Hole, Wyoming Dec. 13-20
Sugarbush Valley, Vermont Dec. 14-21
Madonna Mt., Vermont Jan. 4-11
Aspen Highlands, Colorado Jan. 4-11
Squaw Valley, California Jan.11-18
Sun Valley, Idaho Jan. 18-25
Mt. Snow, Vermont Jan. 18-25
Heavenly Valley, California Jan. 24-31
Timberline Lodge, Mt. Hood, Ore. Jan. 31-Feb. 7
Playboy Club, Lake Geneva, Wisc. Feb. 6-13



Specially created fun filled weeks to teach you how to ski and let you discover the fun of winter. Registration limited.

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Spalding gives you the professional edge

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to coincide with the time of year in which everybody gets colds. Finally, and perhaps most important considering the sensitive ethnic realities of the Dominion, Worsley is of English origin, starring for Les Canadiens, the country's esteemed French team. Worsley is selected, then, not because he is an athlete but because he is probably the only man in the whole country who satisfies all the image requirements. The Gumper will help you *put your cold on ice.*

The commercial is to be shot tomorrow, in both languages. First Gump will have to do it in French, getting the most difficult part out of the way. He plays with a predominantly French team and lives in a neighborhood that is 90% French-speaking, but Gump has not been prepared to say things like Neo-synephrine, minipills, runny nose, sneezing and sniffling in his second language. These are not, in fact, easy things to say in a first language.

So Gump sits in the hotel room and repeats the script to Carole Mondello, a production assistant with TDF Studios, which has contracted to him the commercial for the agency. Carole is seated on the floor. Peter Thompson, the director, paces nearby. Lou Dorkin, the account supervisor, sits on a bed, occasionally consulting as Gump butchers "*Neo-synephrine*" again. Next to Dorkin is Roberta Heller, who is in charge of production, but who is not helping Gump's concentration any, since she is obviously going to catch cold wearing such a low-cut dress.

"Say *centaine*," Carole says to Gump, rising to her knees, reaching with her pleading little hands toward his chair.

"*Centaine*," Gump replies, sounding something like a Berlitz beginner in Jersey City.

"No, no, no, no, no. *Centaine, centaine.* Think *zis*, think *zis*. You are going to see all zees millions of little capsools."

"I remember," Gump replies, apropos of nothing. "In French you never pronounce your S's at the end."

Peter Thompson walks over. "Do your best," he says gravely, waving a finger. "Remember, people will think of you as a person, not as a pitchman."

Gump considers that. "Yeah, but what about the repercussions? Me teaching children all over Canada to speak bad French." Everybody throws up his hands. If they had wanted Marshall McLuhan down in Toronto they probably could have got him cheaper. Gump studies the script in the silence. "*Neo-synéphrine*," he says at last. Still Jersey City.

"*Neo-synephrine*," Carole explains. "*Neo-synephrine*."

"*Neo-synephrine*," Gump suggests. A little better.

"*Néo-synephrine*. Think like cinema and friend."

"Cinema and friend. *Neo-synephrine*." Much improved. North toward Montreal from Jersey City, perhaps as far as Troy, N.Y.

"Bravo," Carole cries.

"*Neo-synephrine*," Gump says. And, reading it all in French, "When I start to get a cold, I start right in on these *La Capsule Bayer*. They've got *Néo-synephrine*.' Cinema and friend. *Néo-synephrine*." He pauses and yawns at the exertion.

"Is it too late for you?" Roberta asks.

"Oh, no," Gump says. "When I did the Gump's Pumps commercial at the gas station with Belveau we shot until 5 in the morning."

"Was that in both languages, too?"

"*Oui*, I speak many English."

Carole perks up again. "Shall we try some more, Gump?"

"You know," Gump says in impeccable English, "I didn't even get my contract till today. Hmmm. 'One in the morning and one at night does it.' O.K. Hmmmm. 'All these hundreds of minipills loosen up my stuffy nose.' *Centaine*, hmmm. All right. Uh oh. This again. These two are going to get me."

Carole picks over his script to see the offensive words, and then reads them for everyone's benefit. "'. . . sneezing and sniffling.' Cut down on the sneezing and sniffling, too.' Sneezing: *les eternuements*. Sniffling: *les renuflements*."

Gump: "*Les eternuements. Les renuflements.* Now that's what I was saying about not pronouncing the S's."

Carole: "*Oui*, yes, but in *les éternuements*, with the *les*, where the first letter of the next word is—oh, what is that?"

"A vowel?"

"Yes, a vowel. Thank you. You bring them together: lays-ay, lays-ay, lays-ay-tairnumah. Lays-aytairnumah. *Les eternuements*."

"*Les eternuements*," Gump says. "*Les éternuements*."

"Yes, and—"

"*Les eternuements et les renuflements*." He was at least to Burlington, Vt., closing in on the border even.

By the eighth take the next day at the Arena Marquette, Gump's accent had arrived at suburban Montreal. The schoolchildren of La Belle Province had been spared a mutilation of their tongue in the name of *La Capsule Bayer*. Worsley himself was exhausted, but then, unlike hockey, the endorsement business is no game. **END**



Gump doesn't grump as the makeup goes on



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LIFE

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETSALL ABA When Los Angeles's 6'11½" Mack Calvin dribble downcourt he looks like a Mickey Rooney in shorts surrounded by tiny John Waynes. But in the Stars' 124-111 win over wearied Pittsburgh—a win that pushed them into first place a game ahead of Dallas in the West—Calvin contributed 13 points and nine assists in his 17 minutes of play. "We have a chance to win the title if we can get help on rebounding and eliminate errors," said Coach Bill Sharman, referring to the fact that prior to Pittsburgh his Stars had committed 225 turnovers in 10 games while recording only 153 assists. The help on rebounding that gave L.A. a 72-53 edge against Pittsburgh came from Willie Wise, who had 17, and Warren Davis with 12. And more help could be on the way now that the Stars have at least a temporary lead in their contractual dispute with the Atlanta Hawks of the NBA over the right to use 6'9" Zelmo Beaty.

NBA Los Angeles lost two games and Will Chamberlain dropping to third in the Western Division, while Atlanta tied for second a week ago, moved into the lead two full games ahead of San Francisco. In the Lakers' 122-120 loss to Phoenix Chamberlain's knee collapsed at 4:55 of the third quarter after he had scored 33 points, 15 rebounds and was 13 for 14 from the floor, hitting his first 10 shots. Lou Hudson, with 37 points, was the high scorer for the Hawks against Boston in the third of their four straight wins, but the successful week was the result of the play all around. Forward Joe Caldwell had 75 points, Hudson 94, Bill Bridges 76 and Jim Davis 70. The Knicks, now 13-1 and leading the East by five games, took three more, and each one decisively, from Milwaukee, Phoenix and San Diego. Willis Reed nevertheless left Alcindor in the opening game of the Knicks' western road trip. He scored 35 points, got 12 rebounds, hit on 15 of 24 shots from the floor and helped hold Alcindor to 17.

ABA: East: Indiana (3-0), Kentucky (2-1), Pittsburgh (2-1), Carolina (2-2), New York (0-3), Miami (1-2). West: Los Angeles (1-0), Dallas (0-2), Washington (3-0), New Orleans (2-1), Denver (0-4).

NBA: East: New York (3-0), Milwaukee (1-1), Baltimore (3-1), Philadelphia (1-3), Detroit (1-2), Cincinnati (3-1), Boston (0-3). West: Atlanta (4-0), San Francisco (2-2), Los Angeles (0-2), Chicago (1-2), Phoenix (1-1), Seattle (2-2), San Diego (0-2).

SOATING—New Yorker BILL WISHNICK drove his 32-foot Bertram inboard to victory over such challengers as Don Aronow (*page 96*), Bob Magoon and Pat Duffy in the 184-mile Hennessy Miami-Key West offshore ocean race. His speed of 63.6 miles per hour broke Aronow's 1967 race record of 51.7 miles per hour.

FOOTBALL NFL Cleveland last week's giant killer after knocking off unbeaten Dallas was the beanstalk this week cut down by Central Division leader Minnesota 51-3. The Vikings scored each of the first nine times they had the ball and were forced to punt only once during the entire game. Quarterback Joe Kapp, who completed 16 of his 24 pass attempts for 223 yards before leaving the game in the third quarter, threw for three touchdowns, each time to the agile receiver Gene Washington. Los Angeles is still unbeaten after eight games, though John Brodie and the last-place San Francisco 49ers lit one of things up for a while in the fourth quarter with two touchdowns that narrowed the score from 34-16 to 34-30. But with two minutes to play, Roman Gabriel took the Rams 83 yards in five plays to the 49er one. Erwin there he rolled right and in for the conclusive touchdown. 41-30.

AFL A tie is just a tie, but what Houston and Cincinnati, with identical records in the Eastern and Western Divisions respectively, played to was a full-fledged standoff. Oiler rookie Roy Gerela kicked a 50-yard field goal with three minutes to go that put Houston ahead 31-28. With 22 seconds left Virsil Muhlmann came back with an 18-yarder for Cincinnati to make it 31-31. Cincinnati's Greg Cook had a superb day—15 of 25 passes for 298 yards and four touchdowns—but so did Houston's Don Trull, starting his first game this season for the Oilers. Trull completed 16 of 32 for 259 yards and also accounted for four touchdowns, two passing and two running. Oakland gave no ground in its challenge to Kansas City for the Western championship. The Raiders remained half a game out after beating Denver 41-10 as Daryle Lamonica threw three touchdown passes to Fred Biletnikoff and George Blanda threw another to Charlie Smith while replacing Lamonica for three plays.

NFL: East: Century-Cleveland (5-2-1), St. Louis (3-4), New York (3-5), Pittsburgh (1-7). Capitol-Dallas (7-1), Washington (4-2-2), Philadelphia (3-4-1), New Orleans (1-7). West: Central-Minnesota (7-1), Green Bay (5-3), Detroit (5-3), Chicago (1-7). Coastal-Los Angeles (8-0), Baltimore (5-3), Atlanta (2-6), San Francisco (1-6-1).

AFL: East: New York (7-2), Houston (4-4-1), Miami (2-6-1), Buffalo (2-7), Boston (1-8). West: Kansas City (8-1), Oakland (7-1-1), Cincinnati (4-4-1), Denver (4-5), San Diego (4-5).

GOLF BRUCE CRAMPTON entered the final round of the Hawaiian Open in Honolulu with a one-stroke lead over Jack Nicklaus, the early leader, shot a 67 and finished four strokes ahead at 274 (*page 42*).

HARNESS RACING Not only did SNOW SPEED ($121) driven by Glen Garsney beat the odds-on favorite Fresh Yankee by 3½ lengths in winning the $50,000 United Nations Trot at Yonkers Raceway but his 3:05[1] for 1½ miles bettered the world record set in 1964 by Duke Rodnee by 1 second. The winner, a 4-year-old son of Speedster-Violet Wonderland is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Van Lennep of Lexington, Ky.

The next night at Yonkers the world record for a mile by a 2-year-old pacer on a half-mile track was broken by COLUMBIA GEORGE ($7.20) winner of the Lawrence B. Sheppard Pace. His 1:58[1]/5 clocking beat 3-to-10 favorite Trimluck by half a length and the record by a second.

HOCKEY—NHL The Rangers won three of their four games last week and took over first place in the East-ern Division, but their winning streak was ended at four games by 5 of all teams, Chicago. Goals by Stan Mikita, Jim Pappin and Gerry Pinder gave the last-place Hawks a 3-1 victory. (Three days later just to prove the win was no fluke, the Hawks topped Pittsburgh 4-1.) Meanwhile, the Rangers, having convinced themselves were securing their lead with six goals in the first period of an 8-1 win over Oakland and holding discussions with Jack Kent Cooke over the matter of whom they were going to play the next night in the Forum—the Los Angeles Kings or the Rolling Stones. The Stones were awarded the Forum in prime time while the Rangers and Kings staged their act in mid-afternoon. New York winning 4-1 on goals by Dave Balon, Brad Park, Vic Hadfield and Jean Ratelle. Hadfield's was his ninth of the season and followed a hat trick against St. Louis earlier in the week.

NHL—East: New York (3-1), Montreal (2-0-1), Detroit (3-1), Boston (0-1-2), Toronto (2-1-1). Chicago (2-0). West: St. Louis (1-2-1), Minnesota (1-1-1), Oakland (0-2), Philadelphia (0-1), Pittsburgh (0-3), Los Angeles (0-2).

HORSE RACING Three short heads separated the first four horses at the finish of the $200,445, 1⅛ mile Gardenia Stakes for 2-year-old fillies at Garden State Park, but EASY ATTACK ($17.80), an 8-to-1 shot ridden by Buck Thornburg, survived the photo finish, in order: Sonny Sal, Other Queen and favored Predictable.

MOTOR SPORTS BRUCE McLAREN won his sixth event of the 11-race Can-Am Series, the Texas Intercontinental, and with it the championship, his second in three years. He and teammate DENNIS HULME took the team prize worth $350,000.

TRACK & FIELD—Australian Olympian PAM KILBORN broke her own world record for the 200-meter hurdles with a 26-second clocking and was one-quarter of a 220-yard relay team that set another world mark—1:35—at a meet in Brisbane.

MILEPOSTS TRADED: By the St. Louis Cardinals after what was supposed to be a third pennant season wasn't: two 31-year-old Pitcher RAY WASHBURN and Outfielder VADA PINSON, for two 26-year-olds, Cincinnati Pitcher GEORGE CULVER and Cleveland Outfielder JOSE CARDENAL.

LOST: *To the Los Angeles Lakers, possibly for* the rest of the season, WILT CHAMBERLAIN, who ruptured a tendon in his right kneecap during a game with Phoenix. Orthopedist Dr. Robert Kerlan described the injury as "almost identical to the one suffered by Elgin Baylor some years ago."

DIED: C. F. (Chick) GALLOWAY, 73, who played shortstop for the Philadelphia Athletics under Connie Mack from 1919 to 1927 and whose career was ended by a head injury from a pitched ball in 1928 when he was 32 and playing for Detroit.

CREDITS

4—Tony Triolo; 5—Jo Giori 40, 41—Rich Clarkson 43—Shively & Long 44, 46—Hank Scharlman 50, 51—Sue Ira 74—Don Uhlbrect 84—AP, Stephen Green-Armytage 92—Tony Triolo 104—Robert Lightfoot III 110, 115—courtesy Jon Holland Calloway Inc. 111—courtesy Dancer Fitzgerald Sample Inc. 117, 120—James Drew 123—Providence Journal, Long Beach Promotion Inc., Marvin Kitchman, William Curran Portland (Me.) Press Herald.

FACES IN THE CROWD



PETE CHARTSCHLAA, sophomore on the Barrington (R.I.) College soccer squad, scored 13 goals in the last two games of Barrington's 8-4-1 season—all six in a 6-0 win over Nasson (Me.) College and seven in an 8-0 victory over Nyack Missionary (N.Y.) College.



BRUCE BRADLEY, 12, and his Rumson, N.J. Pop Warner League Bulldogs outscored their eight opponents 312-0 to take the league title. Quarterback Bruce completed 47 of 72 passes for 1,066 yards and 20 touchdowns while running for eight more scores.



PAT CLOUD, wife of an Orange, Texas doctor, mother of four and a 25-handicap golfer who has been playing for 10 years, scored three holes in one in the space of four months, two of them on her home course at 167 and 92 yards and the other at 114 yards.



JOHN DANE III skippered the Tulane University crew that swept all seven races of the Douglas Cup intercollegiate match race regatta in Long Beach, Calif., in which eight teams sailed Columbia 26 Mark II sloops in seven sets of four matches each.



BARBARA HOFFMAN, Stephens College (Mo.) freshman, took first place in the national finals of the AHSA saddle-seat equitation event at the American Royal Horse Show in Kansas City, the top competition in the country for riders 18 years old and under.



SK2 WILLIE WILLIAMS, a native of Longview, Texas, stationed at Brunswick Naval Air Station in Maine and playing fullback for the Griffin Club of Portland, scored 20 TDs in New England League play and led Griffin to the league's northern title.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

LATTER-DAY PROTEST

Sirs:

I have just finished reading the article concerning the situation at the U. of Wyoming (*No Defeats, Loads of Trouble*, Nov. 3). Speaking from my experience as a former collegiate football player and a present high school coach, I feel anyone connected with athletics should realize the importance and significance of the absolute discipline needed to insure team unity and success. Your article points out that the players who were dismissed from the squad were completely aware of the provisions under which they agreed to play for Coach Eaton. "We knew about the rule against protest . . . but we just wanted to *talk* to him." You then quote Williams as saying that the group of 14 just wanted to see if they could wear armbands. However, earlier in the article you quote Eaton as saying that they had appeared before him already wearing armbands. Hence, they openly and willfully disobeyed the rule and, in effect, decided to change the consequences.

As I see it, this is not a matter of religion, race or civil rights, but simply one of insubordination. Coach Eaton had no choice but to handle it as he did.

BOB KOPICH

Fort Thomas, Ky.

Sirs:

With all the legitimate protests the blacks have had over the years, it is strange they should pick Brigham Young University and the Mormon Church. The policies of this church are nobody's business but those within the church, unless they affect those outside it, which no one has shown they have. The Mormon Church is not a Woolworth's or a Greyhound bus or even a Lester Maddox-owned restaurant. It is a private religion catering to what its members believe are ancient beliefs, and it forces those beliefs only upon those who choose to accept them.

REECE STEIN

Salt Lake City

Sirs:

Eaton denied those men the right of petition and thus he opened up a much larger bucket of worms, by comparison, than any other act re athletes that I know of. He showed plain ignorance in saying it was stupid for them to be protesting against a faith and a religion that none of them knew about. It has been my experience that the fact that the Mormons refuse to ordain a Negro is perhaps the best known single fact, among Negroes, of any element of discrimination. And they knew it long before any college rumpuses started.

FRED R. LANCASTER

San Antonio

Sirs:

The trouble at Wyoming brings to mind your recent series on the problems of coaches (*The Desperate Coach*, Aug. 25 *et seq.*). As with that series I find it difficult to shed crocodile tears for Coach Eaton. I am rather sick of athletes being treated like cattle. It is blatantly obvious to anyone not antiblack that Eaton has violated the players' human rights. Even if one accepts Eaton's version, it comes out as zero tolerance of his players as human beings.

All the garbage about how grateful they should be for their free college education does not change a basic fact: football uniforms do not make men cattle.

JIM WEIGERT

Washington

PAST "HI!"

Sirs:

Although I am one of Lew Alcindor's biggest fans, I feel compelled to defend Los Angeles and UCLA against the attacks he leveled against them in the second part of the article on his life (*My Story*, Oct. 27 *et seq.*). His main complaint about UCLA seemed to be against the people living in the dorms. Most dormies are not from L.A. It is usually their first time living away from home. Lew's freshman year wasn't his first experience away from home, so consequently he did not do the silly things the others did, for most likely he had already done them at a younger age.

I think he confused awe with racism on the campus and in the community. Like most students at UCLA I come from a white middle-class suburb. (There was only one black at my high school.) Most of us never knew, let alone were friends with, a black. Although I hate to admit it, during my first year at UCLA (Lew's second) I was probably somewhat prejudiced. Consequently I avoided contact with blacks, not from hate, but from lack of knowledge.

Add to this the fact that Lew was more than 7 feet tall and likely the most recognizable athlete in the world. That first year, whenever I saw him, I avoided him, not because he was a black man, but out of shyness because he was a celebrity. Had I run into Sandy Koufax I would likely have done the same thing, and I am certainly not prejudiced against him.

After that first year, whenever I did see Lew, I would say hello and he would *always* say, "Hi," and ask how I was, even though he didn't know me. I'm sorry that I (and most others) never continued the conversation past "Hi," for if we had I am sure Lew would have a different opinion.

Racism certainly exists in Los Angeles and at UCLA, as it does everywhere else. It's time that everyone carried conversations past "Hi."

JEFFRY SCHNEIDER

Sepulveda, Calif.

Sirs:

Lew Alcindor is a fine basketball player. He will be a great one. I support him in his striving for athletic excellence.

As a man he has much to learn. He agonizes over being called a name—yet he uses words like "cracker." If he is against prejudice, let him be against it going both ways.

Blacks seem to feel that color makes you a brother. Alcindor has to have "brothers" around him to be comfortable. That's prejudice—prejudice against whites and others without knowing whether they have brotherly qualities or not.

He's a runner. He runs away from whites, New York, Christ, UCLA—you name it. As Alcindor grows as a basketball player, maybe he will grow as a man. If he is a man, who cares what color he is?

J. WILLIAM THOMPSON

Nashville

Sirs:

Thank you, Lew Alcindor; thank you SPORTS ILLUSTRATED! Another score for both of you. *My Story* was one of the greatest articles I have read. Lew tells it like it is for the middle-class black man in the predominantly white school. It seems as if people fail to realize that if you are black you still face the same problems of prejudice as all other blacks no matter where you go to school or where you live.

For myself, a black athlete from Shaker Heights, Ohio, and for all the other black Shaker Heights graduates throughout the years, thanks, Big Lew, for telling the world the truth!

ERIC MUMFORD

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Re Ferdinand Lewis Alcindor Jr.: Yeah, man. Tell it for all of us, brother.

ROBERT NELSON MOORE JR.

Cincinnati

Sirs:

His forebears migrated on their own decision to the U.S. from Trinidad. They were never ill-treated by American slave owners. His father and mother are seen as good and honorable citizens. This young man was taught by white teachers, learned basketball from white coaches, played in leagues formed by white sponsors and has been awarded scholarships by white institutions. Yet he could doodle in the dirt DEATH TO THE

continued



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19TH HOLE

WHITE MAN and express aloud his hatred for every drop of white blood in himself.

BILL GARDNER

Montreal

Sirs:

Whether we like it or not, Lew Alcindor tells it like it is, and he has every right to be bitter. But he hurts only himself by letting his bitterness be his master.

KENNETH LEONHARDT

Cincinnati

HANG TOUGH

Sirs:

In the last 12 years I have read many amusing articles in your magazine, but the cover and lead article of your Nov. 3 issue take the cake. Please inform Tex Maule that I am truly sorry the Dallas Cowboys do not get a shot at "Merciless Minnesota" this year. We have a few boys down here named Lilly, Andrie, Pugh and Cole, backed up by three little boys named Edwards, Howley and Jordan, who would love to show Mr. Maule they are truly "pro football's toughest defense."

RICK HOLLY

San Angelo, Texas

Sirs:

Our thanks for an excellent article on our favorite football team in the far northern reaches of NFL domain (forget Green Bay). Definitely we see the Super Bowl in 1971.

DAVID L. PLACE

Milaca, Minn.

THE RAIN IN SPANN

Sirs:

Tell Mr. Joseph and Mr. Morse (19TH HOLE, Nov. 3) that they're both all wet. The saying really went, "The reign in Sam Spahns mainly toward our bane." Or was it, "Warren and John will darken our dawn?"

NICHOLAS P. ANDES

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

I never heard the saying before I read it in SI, but I've discovered that all three versions printed so far are wrong. The saying *really* went:

Spahn and Sain, both prayed for rain.
But little gain, 'twas all in vain.
One used his brain—they hopped a train.
But when the twain got back again
The skies were gray'n and, with some pain
The ump was say'n, 'Here come de rain!'

They just don't make catchy phrases like that any more.

FRED STARBIRD

Champaign, Ill.

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